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MS AND ARMOUR. By Charles Boulkes (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

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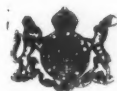
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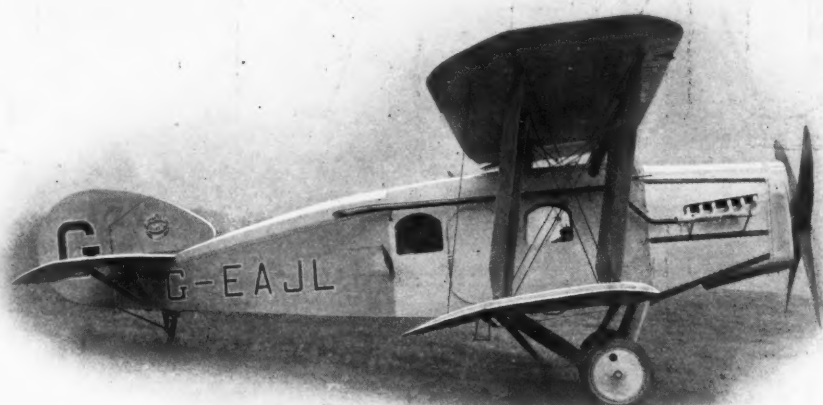
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COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1920.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor would be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE CENTRE PARTY

IT has never been the usage of COUNTRY LIFE to intervene in politics except on occasions when politics affect the vital interests of the Empire. With the clash of parties and their ups-and-downs of fortune we are unconcerned. In a country where, at least in theory, the majority governs and practically speaking every citizen has the right to vote, there must necessarily be many cries got up for the mere purpose of securing votes, but as they are repeated with vehemence, protestations of good motives, patriotism and other easily assumed public virtues it is not always easy to winnow the genuine movement from the plausible and easily manufactured imitations of it. Thoughtful observers are in no doubt about the need of strong and definite action at the present moment. Government is beset with difficulties more serious than any of which the oldest among us has had experience. The legacies of the War are only in part material. It would be more accurate to say that each material difficulty is accompanied by a number of invisible but menacing attendants. For example, there is a huge bill to pay, but the will and determination to clear it off are overshadowed by the knowledge that while the State was being impoverished individuals were amassing wealth out of its necessities. We fail to exact anything from those who stayed at home and made

money, but those who risked life and limb receive most inadequate attention. Parliamentary groups have been formed, but they only paralyse one another. No strong, consistent policy can be carried out in any direction because of this paralysis.

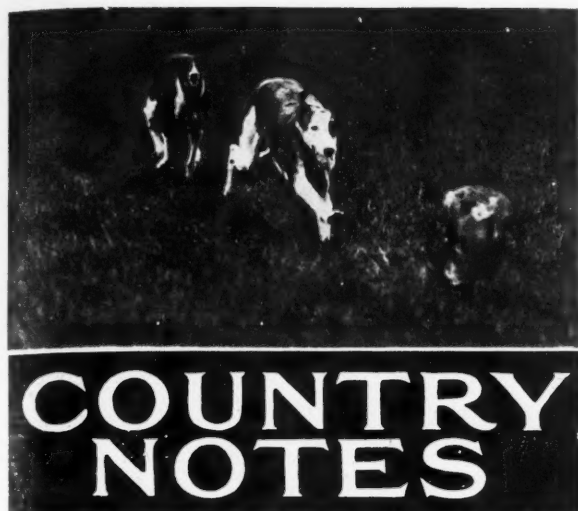
One of the first objects to be attained is to unite all who agree upon one or two simple principles. They will have to sink minor and personal differences. But that will not be difficult, because war with its deadly game, in which life and death are the counters, has brought home the folly of quarrelling over trifling differences. Mr. Asquith's "dark and difficult adventure" illumined this matter at least. He discussed the topics of the hour copiously and with vehemence. On whom did his blow fall? On nobody except his Socialist adversary. In regard to finance, Ireland, the League of Nations, Labour, Nationalisation of Industry, his creed differs not a whit from that of the Coalitionists; at any rate the differences are not comparable to those which existed in the palmiest days of his own Administration. But they were fundamentally opposed to Socialism. They could have been accepted by all that is moderate in the Labour ranks, but not by Mr. Smillie, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Here we have a line of cleavage between two parties as deep as that which divided the old Whigs from the Tories, the Conservative followers of Disraeli from the Liberals of Gladstone, but unless the Conservatives, Coalition Liberals, and "Wee Frees" or Asquithians join forces, the Socialist party will, owing to the split vote, win an enormous number of seats in constituencies where Conservative and Liberals predominate. The old days of Liberal or Radical Unionist or Conservative are dead and done with, and the future of the country lies with one National or Centre Party as against the Socialist party. The followers of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law appreciate this; the Asquithian Liberals are beginning to appreciate it. We live now in an age of realities, and men and women are not ready to risk what they hold dear for the sake of mere party politics.

The Labour Party harbours a proportion of extreme Socialists, but many—we should say a majority—of its members possess the common-sense and readiness for compromise which characterises our race. They have been disappointed by the exposure of Trades Unionist dealing with ex-Service men in the House of Commons and the hopelessly lame attempt to defend it. The main requisite in the effective composition of a Central Party would be agreement upon the definite steps to be taken for the purpose of reducing the debt and thereby lessening the inflated annual expenditure of the country, and on the other equally important questions of the hour. The Irish question demands immediate attention. The people of this country are no doubt sick of it, and they could not well be otherwise after the spasmodic efforts of generations. But they must not yield to a tired feeling. A way could be found to put Ireland on a right footing, and no time should be lost about it. The removal of obstacles to increased production is another necessity to the recovery of our old state and prestige. It may involve strict dealing with the profiteer and the recalcitrant employee. Politics will yield no bed of roses for many years to come, but if the most able and resolute of the statesmen of to-day were to combine for the purpose of pulling the country out of the difficulties involved by war they would not lack sufficient backing in the country.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of the Hon. Joan Thesiger, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Chelmsford, is given on the front page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. Miss Thesiger's engagement to Captain Alan Frederick Lascelles, of the Bedfordshire Yeomanry and A.D.C. to the Governor of Bombay, son of the Hon. Frederick Lascelles, was recently announced.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



AT the present moment there is no subject being discussed with more vigour than that of the continual upward trend of prices. All the dreams of returning abundance after the War have been dissipated. Last week, at one of those after-luncheon lectures which are now delivered at the Constitutional Club, Sir Auckland Geddes made an interesting attempt to analyse the financial conditions of the moment. He attributed the high prices in large part to the devaluation of gold. This, in its turn, he said had been caused by so many great chests having been emptied. Every country that was engaged in the War, or not engaged in the War, had to produce gold or its equivalent to pay for current expenses. Banks could only do a great business by unloading their accumulations of gold so as to make them serviceable for the needs of the moment. Thus a vast amount of the precious metal has come into circulation, and in consequence has lost its pre-war purchasing power.

THE state of the exchanges he mentioned as a contributory cause, but he said nothing of what one would have thought the most important factor of all, and that is the scarcity of food. The world's production of food was reduced to a very large extent by the War, and it will take many years for it to recover. Perhaps the most striking example is to be found in Germany, a great producer of foodstuffs before war was declared. Now scarcity of capital, scarcity of men, scarcity of manures, scarcity of everything, are handicapping the German farmer so that disinterested foreign observers on the spot agree that there is danger of much suffering from hunger, if not terrible famine, in the future. It will be remembered that in this country alone did production not dwindle but increase during wartime. It has fallen off very largely in France, Italy, Russia and the other producing countries of the Continent. Surely, as far as food is concerned, this accounts to some extent for the inflation of prices.

IT is no wonder that workers have become restive. The cost of living easily keeps in front of the rise in wages, so that the latter is of little use to them. But the Trades Unionists are only making matters worse by proposing that certain foods should be sold compulsorily at a cheap rate, and the loss, if any, borne by the State. The fallacy underlying this is the idea that the State is a kind of storehouse—we are using the words of a Labour leader—from which it is actually meritorious to extract as much as possible. But if twenty-seven million pounds a year is to be spent as a milk subsidy, six million pounds in addition to the fifty or sixty million pounds which it now costs for the purpose of keeping bread at about ninepence or ninepence-halfpenny the quartern loaf, fifty-seven million pounds in order to abolish the tea duty, and a housing subsidy of forty-two million pounds, it is surely necessary to ask who are going to provide these funds? The State has no coffer containing them. They can only be raised out of the pockets of the tax payers, and we seem steadily approaching to the time when

everything will be sold at half the cost of production and the balance charged on the rates. How long would that endure?

IN connection with the glut in foreign meat at present choking the London docks the explanation is given that purchasers are eating less because they have been accustomed to do so in the course of two years' rationing. The Government is now in the position of actually wishing the public to eat more meat. But we are told that "the public are not likely to respond unless prices are reduced." In the name of common-sense, why not reduce the prices? At the present moment a liberal supply of cheap foreign meat would be welcomed in the country because of the increased cost of living. Eggs have come down a little; milk keeps up; butter is at an outrageous price. Bread, in spite of the Government grant to the milling industry, tends to go upward. It is estimated that there are 100,000 tons of meat in cold storage in the United Kingdom. It was officially stated on Saturday that eight vessels now in dock in the Port of London have on board the equivalent of one million carcasses, while two other ships lying in the river carry 315,000 carcasses. The cold storage of the Port of London contains 1,650,000 carcasses; another 3,300,000 are stored in the country. The only way to reduce the stock is to lower the price.

PRIMAL EARTH.

A world of disconsolate marshland,
A world of unconscious cries,
A world of untrodden mountains
Of pure and unsmirched skies;
Where the heron lived in the silence
And the eagle kept the heights,
Where the wolf roamed far for plunder
In the glow of the northern lights.
A world where the sea was unfurrowed
And horizons were bare of a sail,
Where the sky and the sea were empty
When the winds blew up for a gale.
A world where the limitless forest
Spread far with its strange, hush'd spell,
For Nature ruled in the earth-world
Heedless of Heaven or Hell.

M. G. MEUGENS.

MR. GERALD LODER and others who have written expressing interest in Professor Bragg's explanation of the noises of a windy day, in our last issue, and the comment it suggested may like to be reminded that in the *Classical Review*, May-June, 1918, there appeared a fascinating article on the Greek Winds by Professor D'Arcy Thompson. His main business is with a problem more suited to the *Classical Review* than to our pages. What would interest our readers would be an expansion of his many delightful references so as to convey to the plain man some notion of the early conceptions of wind. Naturally, people young at navigation, as, indeed, they were young at all things, regarded "the viewless coursers of the air" as mysterious and terrible wild beasts stabled in a cavern whence they issued to scourge or caress. Euroclydon lay in wait for the mariner. Boreas "romping from the North" vexed to death Ovid exiled to the Euxine. All was miracle, all mystery then. If the scientific mind became alert it was forced to deal with insufficient knowledge, and therefore arrived at conclusions which look strange to us now. But for us the great charm lies not so much in the beginnings of science as in learning what impressions were made on the intelligences of early mankind by the invisible, mysterious winds that brought rain and gladness at one season and devastation at another.

THE foreign embassies in Washington, rather against their inclination, we gather, have had to fall in with the "dry" habit in the States. Under the usual arrangement at embassies they could neglect the law of prohibition altogether, and it does not seem to have been conversion to its principles that induced them to make the change. The truth was that so long as they got wine and spirits for their own use thirsty Americans, or, what is worse,

those who cater for thirsty Americans, used every effort to get these liquors passed on, and so great was the pressure that, in the opinion of the embassies, it would have been unfair to submit their junior officers to it. Hence they thought, by passing a voluntary rule of abstinence on their own account, they could save the souls of their young men. But the most significant point of the story is the proof it affords of the determination of many Americans at any and every cost to break through the "dry" regulations.

THE late Lord Russell was a great and distinguished ornament to the journalism of his day, a man who increased the general respect for his profession by his own conduct and example. If a reason were to be sought for his success, we should be very much inclined to attribute it to his inexhaustible energy and resolution. A few days before he died he told a friend of the present writer that five years ago he came to the conclusion that Italian literature was not to be understood through translations, and therefore he had set himself to acquire a first-hand knowledge of it, with results entirely satisfactory. Energy and enterprise distinguished the whole of his career as a journalist, and these qualities were backed by a shrewd and well balanced judgment which enabled him to steer a right course in the most perplexing circumstances. Lord Russell's understanding of politics was not more wonderful than his appreciation of the drama. It has been put on record that Henry Irving owed his first adequate recognition to his pen, and his articles on the play, especially on Shakespearean plays, were always treasured by those who had learned to know their value.

"SUB ROSA" is dead, and the news will cause many to say "we could have better spared a better man." Wit is a scarce commodity these days, and Spencer Leigh Hughes was one of the few amply endowed with it. When his famous column "Sub Rosa" was going strong it amused even those who had very little sympathy with the principles and prejudices of the writer. Hughes possessed to the last that curious art which belongs to the humourist and none other of turning a quite new and unexpected light on a character or situation which, partly because of its being whimsical and partly because of the strong common-sense underlying the foolery, used to carry laughter and conviction along with them. "S. L. H." had not been at his best physically for a number of years, and the announcement of his death did not surprise as much as it grieved his intimates.

THERE has probably never been so much interest taken in amateur billiards as this year, neither has the standard of play ever been so high before. It is doubtful if Mr. Sidney Fry, who won yet again, has ever played so consistently well, and yet he began winning championships about a quarter of a century ago. His finest play was against Mr. Graham Symes, when his breaks and his average were so high that Inman has described them as "easily the best of any amateur of my time." But Mr. Fry's most typical achievement was in the final. He was expected to win easily, but on the first day he was out of form and out of luck. His opponent, Mr. Marshall, a beautiful player, whose play at the top of the table is that of the professional rather than the amateur, went away with two breaks of a hundred each and was leading at one time by nearly 400 points. Then Mr. Fry began his long, stern chase and, playing with a kind of grim tranquillity which is characteristic of him, crept nearer and ever nearer to his opponent. As soon as he was hard on his heels there could be only one end, and Mr. Fry won by more than 500 points. He is not only a very fine player, but he has the match-winning temperament in a very rare degree.

THIS will probably be remembered as one of the most capricious Februaries in the annals of meteorology. One can scarcely talk to a traveller without meeting a contradiction. A correspondent remarks in a postscript: "I was in town yesterday basking in the sun. This morning Edinburgh is white with snow and the bitterest of east winds cutting one to the bone." In an afternoon so mild that tea was taken out of doors three people arrived, one

from Wales, one from Hull and one from the Thames Valley—Henley, to wit—and they all brought a report of biting frosts and snow from one inch to four inches thick, the extreme case being Wales. In the meantime, London seems to have had all the sunshine going, and, in fact, there has been nothing to grumble at, except that the inveterate croaker has recalled the evil days which, according to the weather prophet, must follow a mild February. But, as this February has in general been far from mild, the happy optimist is inclined to laugh at the wisdom of the weather-lorist.

THE conclusion of the Waterloo Cup this year was one of the most astonishing on record. Outsiders have won before, but few could have been in the position of Fighting Force, who found no backers on the night of the draw at a thousand to twenty-five. He had a very curious bit of luck in the end. Honeyman had run his previous courses in splendid fashion and looked very like winning the final when suddenly he seemed to lose all interest in the race, turned from the hare and galloped to the other side of the field, thus leaving Fighting Force to win in his own way. Whether Honeyman was shy of the crowd or unaccustomed to the noise and pressing inseparable from the last round of the Cup, or whether he is faint-hearted, it is impossible to say. It must have been a very great disappointment to his backers when he flung up the sponge—though "dropped his tail" would be a more suitable metaphor—at the critical moment in the last course.

A WINTER SONG.

By the dark woods your way you take
Towards the winter sun,
Watching the last light on the lake
And night that has begun.
Beside you o'er the frozen way
By field and wood I go,
I dreaming ever of the May
With my eyes upon the snow.
The cold winds weep around my heart
And sigh from hill to hill;
I have no life, I have no part
In a world so white and still,
But with you o'er the frozen way
By field and wood I go,
I dreaming ever of the day
When the wild hyacinths blow.

MARJORIE KENNEDY-ERSKINE.

IT may not be human nature at its best, but it is human nature all the same for the woeful to be comforted when they discover a neighbour who is suffering more than they. According to a witty leading article in the *New York Sun*, sufferers from the housing difficulty in Great Britain may be comforted to know how much worse things are in New York. Our American contemporary dwells on "the exquisite agony" of one of his countrywomen who, coming back from fruitless house-hunting, takes up a copy of COUNTRY LIFE and reads the advertisements. A house with four bedrooms and a quarter of an acre of ground could not be obtained for less than three thousand pounds in New York. How tantalising to see a place advertised in the Surrey Hills, only thirty-five miles from London, with six bedrooms and half an acre, for one thousand six hundred pounds; a house forty miles from London at two thousand pounds; a house at Tunbridge Wells, with three reception rooms and six bedrooms, for one thousand one hundred pounds. We must quote the concluding passage verbally. After a reference to a villain in the Westchester wild woods who wanted two thousand pounds for a place in which one could not swing a cat, he says: "Ye who have scoured the commuting (season-ticket) district in a vain search for a house to rent read with grinding teeth that not far from London may be had 'possession about Lady Day' of a creeper-clad residence of nine rooms, with central heat, bath, stables, and garage, for £70 a year. Only £6 a month—with the privilege of saying Lady Day instead of March 25th." English house advertisements open the gates of Eden, think the Americans.

A HISTORY OF ARMS AND ARMOUR

A Record of European Armour and Arms Through Seven Centuries. Vol. I. By Sir Guy Laking, Bart., C.B., M.V.O., F.S.A.

"**M**AN dieth, iron consumeth, wood decayeth . . . the war horse waxeth feeble, all the works of man's hands perish . . . and short would be the fame of any after death if their history did not endure in the book of the clerk." Thus wrote the chronicler Wace in the twelfth century, and his words hold good to-day.

The work before us is at once the record of the life's study of one of the most notable among the students of arms and armour in Europe, and it is at the same time by far the most searching and complete exposition of the subject that has been or, indeed, is ever likely to be produced. Wace gives the credit of the preservation of historical records to the clerk alone, but when that recorder combines the critical knowledge of the antiquary with the *experientia digiti* of the craftsman and the affection for his subject of the real amateur we have a work of far more value and practical use than we should obtain from a bald and unilluminating record of historical facts. The author has confined his investigations to the period when defensive armour was part of the ordinary Service equipment, a period which may be said to be terminated by the middle of the seventeenth century. Since the inception of this great work, however, we have passed through a world-embracing war in which we find, on looking back to record the conditions of warfare, that, while on the one hand new inventions and almost undreamed-of scientific apparatus have been employed to wipe out the last remnants of the chivalry of former ages, at the same time the peculiar conditions of trench warfare have necessitated the revival of appliances and equipment which would have been scoffed at as old-fashioned by Cromwell's Ironsides and would have been derided as entirely useless and obsolete by the men who fought at Waterloo, in the Crimea or in South Africa. It is more than probable that, had Sir Guy Laking been spared to us, he would have added a chapter on these extraordinary revivals, for in such a work as his they should certainly have been noticed to complete the subject. Even in the first volume, which is at present before us, we find the prototypes of the modern shrapnel helmet, the body armour, the steel-lined

tunic, the sniper's shield and the trench dagger; but that by no means completes the list, for we have examples of trench clubs used in the recent war which have never been in common use between the years 1302 and 1916. The longbow and crossbow have played their part recently, and the catapult of Roman times has been rediscovered with merely the substitution of rubber or steel springs for the original twisted hemp. The hand grenade recalls the early days of the Grenadiers, and the liquid fire is but a scientific improvement on the mysterious "Greek Fire" of Porphyrogenitus. Last, but not least, the "Tank" completes a long chain of evolution beginning with the scythe chariots of the Persians and has an extraordinary parallel in the armoured car for hand gunners found in the sketch book of Leonardo da Vinci.

It is true that all these revivals are of a severely practical nature, and while we admire their construction and the quality of the metal of which they are made we can have none of the real artistic pleasure which is experienced in handling a fifteenth century sallade, so remarkable for its simple beauty of line and craftsmanship, or the more ornate triple-combed burgonet or the embossed parade armour of the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries. Sir Guy Laking was a true lover of arms; and the severe lines of the earlier equipments affected him as profoundly as did the more highly decorated work; at the same time he was always alive to the fact that by reason of the intrinsic value of the latter it is generally associated with the personality of some notable individual; and therein lies one of the peculiar interests of the study of armour, for it is all that survives to us of the man's actual wearing apparel, and in many cases it bears his personality indelibly stamped upon it. In his armour you see the man as he was, and no better example could be given than the frontispiece of the volume, which really needs no title, for such a mighty defence could only have belonged to Henry VIII in his later years, or possibly to his *alter ego* in arms, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

But these personal characteristics of armour can only be appreciated to the full when we have the actual specimen before us; for the miniature painter and sculptor of the Middle Ages in no way differed from his commercial counterpart of to-day, who seldom realises that there is often more character in the



SUIT OF ARMOUR MADE FOR HENRY VIII, NOW AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



HELMET OF IRON PLATED WITH GOLD.
Found in 1896 at Guilanova, south of Ancona, Zeughaus, Berlin.

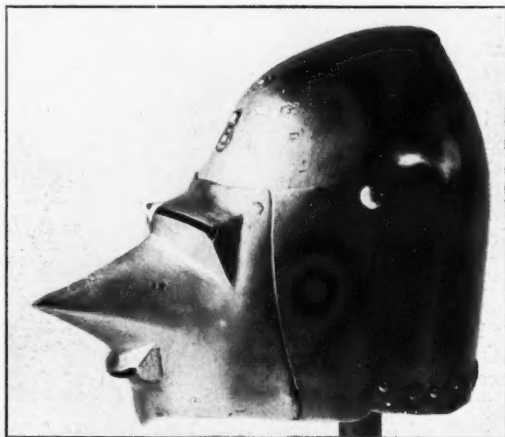
crease of a trouser or in the set of a coat than in the actual face of the sitter. This is clearly borne out by many of the pictorial records with which Sir Guy Laking supports his text, for the armour of such leaders as William the Norman and the Black Prince are only distinguishable from that of their followers by the addition of the wearer's name or by their heraldic cognisances.

It is difficult in such a work as the one before us to say which is the more important, the text or the illustrations, for both have their separate but equally valuable functions to perform. In the text we have the results of the long study and ripe experience of one who has omnivorously devoured all the literature that bears upon his work, and has had a practical acquaintance, such as is given to few, of all the notable armour in Europe. On the other hand, the illustrations, besides in their choice revealing the mind of the real student and investigator, give us, for the first time side by side, records which have either been hitherto unobtainable or else, if published, have been hidden in little known works of reference. The volume before us gives nothing superfluous in this respect and enables us to make comparisons which will be of great educational value. It commences with a history of the whole period of defensive armour up to the sixteenth century, and ceases at this period for the good reason that up to this date there are few complete armours in existence, and we are compelled to base our investigations upon illuminated miniatures, sculpture or paintings.

After the first years of the sixteenth century we have the actual armours themselves; for in the earlier periods the actual steel plate was so valuable that it was cut and re-made to suit new fashions in equipment, till the rapid development of the armourer's craft under Maximilian, Henry VIII and Philip and Charles of Spain produced such a large aggregate of defensive armour that many specimens of every type remain to us, in spite of the ignorant and criminal iconoclasts who in the eighteenth century sold several tons of Sir Henry Lee's armour to the village blacksmith and in our own time lent historical armours from the Tower for the Lord Mayor's Show. In this historical survey we have epitomised for us the valuable writings of Stodhardt, Albert Way, Waller and Meyrick, and of such living authorities as Viscount Dillon and Baron de Cosson; and for this saving of sheer physical effort—for their works are all contained in mighty volumes—we offer our thanks to Sir Guy Laking. In this portion of the work the author confines himself almost entirely to the correlation of these and other records, with but little new light upon the already well worn subjects. It is when we come to the actual weapon of defence that the experience of the writer shows itself and is of value to the student. He devotes some pages to the much debated upon Sword of Charlemagne, which he very rightly assigns to the thirteenth century. Again, with respect to the bascinet and the great helm, he speaks from personal experience, for he has handled all these

examples. So keenly interested was he in the subject of the helm that he had facsimiles made of the more notable specimens for purposes of comparison, and, when he had studied them, he generously presented these copies to the armouries of the Tower. On one page we find a sentence which may be passed over by the casual reader, but which is in truth one of the keys to Sir Guy Laking's character as a student. He writes of the armour of the late fifteenth century, with its great overlapping pauldrons *à la façon d'Italie*. "This observation is the fruit of experience, for we have put on a harness of this fashion." He knew, as that small band of true amateurs of arms know also, that you must wear armour, and even, if you have the technical skill, attempt to make it before you can realise the reasons for certain apparently useless details of equipment or the difficulties with which the craftsman had to contend. You should, if possible, tilt and fence in armour to understand rightly the paramount importance of the "glancing surface"; and if you ever venture to attempt to beat out or "trampe" a tripple-crowned burgonet from the solid you, will realise that the ordinary helmsmith of the sixteenth century was master of a craft which few can essay at the present day with any hope of success.

The contents of the book speak insistently of war, but the printing, binding and format proclaim that we have returned to peace conditions. We have the simple but artistic binding, the wide margins and the excellent typography that we have been accustomed to associate with the name of Messrs. Bell. In one or two cases the photographs, particularly those of Austrian origin, are not very clear, but here the difficulties of war conditions are obviously the excuse. The whole production, however, is to be highly commended. We are greatly indebted to the firm and long friendship between Sir Guy Laking and the Baron de Cosson, *doyen* of the lovers of armour, for a long and scholarly treatise by the



VISORED BASCINET HELMET.

Formerly in the Brocas collection, now in the Tower of London. The alterations to the visor are noticeable. (Top) Profile view, with visor lowered. (Bottom) Profile view, visor raised.

latter on arms and armour by way of introduction, in which is set plain for all to read his sincere affection for the author whose work he introduces and his own unique mastery of all the details of his subject. Last, but by no means least, we should notice the generous preface by the author, which takes a form both rare and unusual among writers on antiquarian subjects. In one short sentence he modestly states that his experience, obtained from a life of close study of the subject, has emboldened him to produce what all his readers will agree will be one of the principal works of reference for all time; but it takes him through four pages to acknowledge his indebtedness to his predecessors and personal friends. It is a preface of which both he and his friend may alike be proud, for it holds within those four pages a whole *libro doro* of friendships made and ideals achieved. And therein lies also a note of pathos. The work was complete, the last proofs were corrected, and a few short weeks would have brought the author the well merited meed of praise from all those who worked with him and from a public which cannot help but appreciate so complete and absorbingly interesting a work. And then came the sudden end, and Sir Guy Laking, the King's Armourer, was taken from us; but taken so that we may envy him as an author with a great reputation made, maintained and crowned with success. And so, in conclusion, we return to the writing of Wace with which we introduced this notice, and realise that all perishes and friendships must one day end, and yet under the hand of the loving clerk and enthusiast all endures long after the eager hand and the tireless brain are at rest.

CHARLES FFOULKES.

HILT OF THE SWORD KNOWN AS THAT OF
"CHARLEMAGNE," WORN BY THE KINGS
OF FRANCE AT THEIR CORONATIONS.

It is in reality a weapon of the early years of the thirteenth century. Galerie d'Apollon, Louvre.

SWORD OVERLAID WITH
PANELS OF ENGRAVED
SILVER.

The date is from A.D. 900 to 1000. The decoration is under strong Norse influence. Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.



THE GRASMERE PLAY, 1920

BY CONSTANCE HOLME.

RECONSTRUCTION does not necessarily presuppose the complete sweeping away of former things. Always the new must be built upon the old, if it is only, in the final event, on the earth itself. Nature, the Great Reconstructor, sets new buds upon old trees, new lichen on old stones, new bracken on old hills. The continual new beginning which we call spring is, after all, only the old beginning. You may shatter the world as far as you can, and try to shape it afresh, but side by side with your hopes and plans the old world will come creeping back.

And, although the world which is in the making may have much to offer, there is one thing it cannot give us, yet, and that is confidence. It is only the old things, coming up again softly as a flower, which can give us that. It is not the contractor and surveyor who will be the real comforters of Belgium and France, but the drifting blossom and the building bird. Each year, as they return, they will put the war ever further and more definitely behind; because, paradox though it seems, it is the things that continually return which make us ever more certain that other things will return no more.

The Grasmere Village Play is one of those survivals which, creeping out bravely into a scarified world, are giving us back our damaged trust in life. Even into that little cup among the mountains which wear Wordsworth's name on their summits like a crown, the war reached and helped itself with a long and greedy arm. The cult of the dialect play, originating with "The Dalesman," by Miss Charlotte Fletcher, in 1893, and later running a steady course under the present Mrs. Rawnsley and her sister, had to yield to sterner drama on a wider field. For five years Westmorland had to do without the Grasmere Play, but because it was a natural growth, although suppressed, it did not die. On the contrary, it has apparently come up all the harder for its rest, as the five days' revival of Mrs. Rawnsley's "Mistress of Mosshead" have shown. Under the shadow of Silverhow there was no more trace of the war than there will be eventually in Heaven, and even the sight of a khaki shirt on the stage could not trouble our certainty or disturb our peace.

War, at least, had not changed the russet-flanked hills or the grey village or the Grasmere Hall, with its treasured jewel of Frank Bramley's "Rushbearing," its neat stage and its electric light. There were the same charming farmhouse "sets," the same beautiful backcloths which delude you into thinking that you are looking through stone at the actual scenery beyond. Nor had the acting traditions of the company changed, in spite of the fact that some of the players had seen service. There were the same quiet methods full of a natural restraint, the same artistic refusal to overweight the slender story with emotion, the same honest determination to be true to human nature first, second and last.

Drama as a factor in village life is, of course, part of the programme of rural reconstruction, and one that all drama and village lovers have greatly at heart. Leagues have already been formed for "bringing the drama to the country," but renewed acquaintance with the Grasmere Play has made me sceptical of their success. At the best their efforts can be only a foreign graft, never the true and hardy natural growth. Plays written about places as remote as the moon and by authors alien in the whole texture of their being cannot strike their roots and become part and parcel of a country place. The village drama—at least, such is the lesson of the Grasmere Play—must grow out of the village; it must be the expression of village life and thought. Then only can it hope to keep its hold, and to grow as the generations rise and grow. Dialect may die out or change—even at Grasmere there are signs to-day—but fundamentally that will make no difference. The speech may change as it likes as long as the spirit is true. Village drama under these circumstances would be a human record beyond price—eternal historic evidence to those without the particular fold, eternal self-revelation and joy to those who happened to be within.

Of course, it may be urged that to limit village drama to individual expression alone would eventually be bad both for it and the village. To most people rural life seems much the same in essence, and the effects of it similar upon human nature. But the fundamentals of life are the same everywhere, either in town or country, and yet almost invariably they form the bases of the greatest art. And any keen observer of village life must have been struck by the amazing differences even between places which are close neighbours. Each village has its own "atmosphere" and temper, its mental and moral tone, its peculiar personal effect upon each and all of the rest. These are due to various causes—geographical position, climate, occupation,

tradition, the absence or presence of long-standing families, poverty or comparative wealth, or the shadow of a great name. Nothing could be more interesting to the real student of rural life than to see the character of a hundred villages truthfully expressed on the dramatic boards.

Not that there ever could be, of course, at any one time, a flourishing village drama in every village. Everything tends to run in cycles, especially in the country, and in any case the demands of drama are too many and too great. First of all, you must have your playwright, your general acting material, your painters and shifters, and, of course, your hall. All of these, however, may be called into being, if not actually to your hand; but, having achieved them, you must have something more. It is not enough to have the machinery, or even the brains; you must have your native genius on his native heath; it is only he who can finally weld the work together and bring to long years of fruition the seed which you have sown. Someone among your players must have that extra "touch beyond," that unconscious sublimity which cannot be taught or acquired, but which is recognisable at once even in the simplest actions of the simplest men.

This is a hard saying, of course, and one that debars many places from having a drama of their own, but it is only true to the accepted principle that it is the spirit which giveth life. Drama, no more than anything else, can live long and do work without it. For many years I watched a pure village genius lift even crude melodrama into potential art; while, in dialect, when he had his chance, he was great beyond a doubt. Unerring taste is the original hall-mark of the native genius, and combined with it he had a splendid memory, a charming appearance, patience, sympathy and common-sense. It is only in the hands of a player like this that village drama will consent to live, drawing year after year the same audience to the same building for the same message of beauty from the same soul.

In the Grasmere Play of this year (and others) it was Mr. Harry Hodgson who had the extra "touch beyond." With that most difficult of parts to play—the part of the middle-aged man—he yet raised it head and shoulders above the rest. And, as with all artists, it was in the unlooked-for places that the "touch" crept out, performing that miracle with common speech which delights nobody more than the surprised author. He struck his highest note in a sentence of three words, and most uninspiring words at that—referring to nothing more thrilling than a housekeeper's tin trunk. But "Bright is the ring of words when the right man rings them," and these, unromantic as they were, travelled home with us beside the heaving, great seas which the rains had made of the Lakes. Two things at least we brought away from the Grasmere Play for which we are in its debt—the absolute certainty that the war was over at last, and a grateful renewal of confidence in the immortal marvel of art.

A POETESS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION

MR. BLUNT opens his preface to Lady Margaret Sackville's new book (*Selected Poems*. Constable) with the challenging statement that "Lady Margaret Sackville is the best, in my opinion, of our English poetesses, at least of the younger generation." Comparisons are odious, and the use of the word "best" seems to invite argument into which we do not propose to venture. Lady Margaret Sackville possesses many qualities that go to make a poet of a certain kind. She has a prolific and rich fancy which curiously enough seems to resent being confined within the measured lines and formality of verse. There is more poetry in the prose of her wild, fantastic fairy stories than is to be found here. Her fancy is delicate and fine to a degree, but she frequently forgets it in artificiality. She would have every chance of attaining a place of her own in literature if she could discriminate between the best and the second best in her work. That perhaps may be best shown by an illustration. Undoubtedly the most perfect and charming of the numbers here is the little piece called "Weary-Well." It makes one regret that the poet did not work night and day to develop the gifts so peculiarly her own that make this little poem a treasure beyond price.

"There is no mirror where I dwell,
And I was fain to see
From the smooth depths of Weary-well
My face smile back at me.

"But now if I should stoop to gaze
Where the still water lies,
I could not even see my face
For the tears within my eyes!"

There is a lighter vein in which she is almost as successful, and as an example of that we cannot think of anything better than "Fête Galante: Adieu":

"Let all be put away—all garments fringed and fine,
Rouge, rapiers, powder, frills, the mouche of Columbine,
All gallant, shining things; the day grows chill; depart
Before the last gay love has withered in your heart;
Before the wind-swept skies have hurled their torrents down.
Is there any shelter anywhere outside the town?
There is no shelter—see, the woods are wringing wet,
And you have lost the buckle from your shoe, Pierrette!
Time to go home at last, put all your gauds away.
Songs fail, old age, ah! me, will it be like to-day,
A mockery of broken strings and tarnished gold—
The woods are wringing wet. Adieu. We have grown old."

Such praise cannot be honestly given to the most ambitious piece in the volume, "The Wooing of Dionysus." It has a Swinburnian flavour which does not sit well on Lady Margaret. The opening of the chorus on page 109 will be enough to show the similarity:

"The light Spring lingers, and earth half-waking
Smiles and relents, from her long sleep breaking,
Stirs and sighs 'neath her veil of snow.
Through the woods which the storms have harried
Laughter light as a flame is carried,

'Mongst cloven boughs where the young winds blow.
Lover of mine, the white Spring calls me,
In a voice that holds and binds and enthralls me,
Which stabs with joy till the heart brims over,
Love me enough—for I fain would prove her—
Love me enough to let me go!"

Unconsciously but certainly this is an echo of the chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon" beginning:

"The hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces
The mother of months in valley and plain."

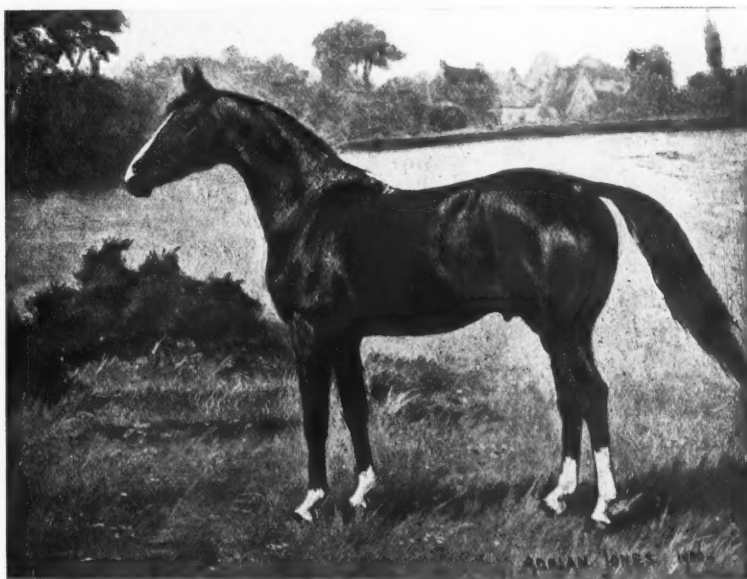
Mr. Blunt draws special attention to the war poems, which he describes as "genuine laments for the pity of such things, the ugliness of rage and the waste of what is noblest." But neither the poet nor her commentator is in a position to say the final word upon war, and the dream of universal peace expressed by both is only a dream. It has been felt by nations after nearly every great war, and the idea that it is going to come true now would infer a revolution in human nature of which the War betrayed few signs. A little while ago, commenting on a new version of the "Song of Roland," we pointed out that Charlemagne would fain have retired to rest in the belief that war was over. But the angel disabuses him of the illusion and urges him to a new adventure, for, in the words of the hymn, still "the troops of Midian prowl and prowl around." As long as evil exists and ambition exists and the spirit of aggression is abroad it will be incumbent on some race or nation to repel the movement or let humanity reel back into the past.

THE VALUE OF THE ARAB HORSE IN HORSE BREEDING IN ENGLAND

THE establishment and success of the Arab Horse Society cannot fail to revive and stimulate interest in the purest of all breeds of horses. The Arab Horse Society has not come into existence too soon for, as noted later in this article, the Arabian horse is decreasing in its native country. All the more reason why we should establish in this country and encourage the use of these strains of blood. The Arab may alter externally in some respects in England, but the history of our thoroughbred forbids us to imagine that it will deteriorate. Indeed, the success of the Crabbet Stud shows us that that is not likely. For those of us who have always believed in the value of the Arab cross in England the appearance of seven well filled classes at Islington on March 5th and 6th is most encouraging. There are for these classes no fewer than forty-one entries, and Sir Edward Elliott, known to be one of the best judges in India and once owner of Euclid, Prince and other famous racing Arabs, is to judge. His decisions will be followed by all breeders of Arabs as giving a lead as to the type most likely to be useful. There is an appropriateness in the fact that the Arab Horse Society is holding its first show under the auspices of the National Pony Society, since all pony breeders, at least, whether they are breeders of native or mountain or moorland or polo ponies, will not be slow to acknowledge their indebtedness to Arab blood. Nay, more, those beautiful hackney ponies we saw last week also have an acknowledged debt to imported Eastern blood.

But I should be inclined to extend the claim of the Arab on English horse breeders, and write that the Arab cross may (after the Australian precedent cited below) be useful to the thoroughbred, while my own personal experience would make a claim for the Arab as a most valuable influence on hunter breeding. Confessedly the supply of hunters is short, and we have never yet really succeeded in establishing a breed of hunters; may not the infusion of Arab blood of the highest quality be the solution of this? Hunters we have, but there is no distinctive breed. There seems a great future before the Arab Horse Society, and they will have done great service to horse breeding by bringing together at the Agricultural Hall a representative collection of the choicest Arab blood. Nor is it only our possessions in the way of good Arabs that the Show will make clear to the public, but also how many men there are who have been working quietly and effectively to collect and

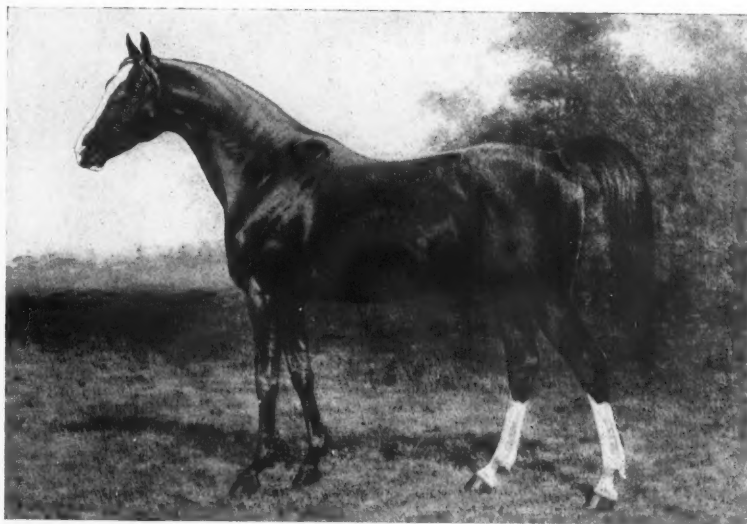
breed for us the best possible blood. The King and the Prince of Wales are both Arab owners, and the Prince of Wales has, I believe, been using an Arab to cross with his Dartmoor ponies in the Duchy of Cornwall Stud with great success. But there can be no



From a Painting by

MOOTRUB.

Adrian Jones.



From a painting by

NUREDDIN II.

J. Harington Bird.

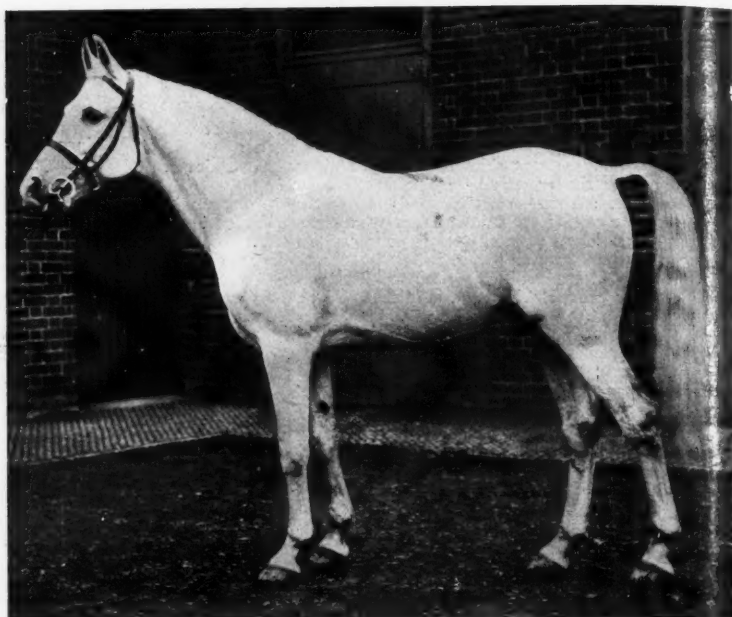
doubt that the value of the Arab as an out-cross has been much underrated in recent years. Many of the best of the Crabbet Park stallions have been allowed to go out of the country. The prices paid before the war at the annual sales from Mr. and Lady Anne Blunt's stud by Continental buyers might have shown us that other nations perceive, if we do not, the usefulness of the Arab as an out-cross.

The illustrations which accompany this article remind us of those points of the Arab, the introduction of which would benefit our English horses. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will recollect the evidence given in these columns as to the quality of the Arab horse's bone. After reading these articles I procured a collection of sections of bone from a well known veterinary surgeon, and the Arab was only surpassed in density of bone by the Exmoor pony. The Arab has good feet and is free from the tendency to roaring, too often found in the thoroughbred. Besides this, we have the evidence of experience that the Arab improves every breed with which he is crossed. Owing to the purity of his descent he is a most prepotent sire, at all events in England; for it is a curious fact that in India, where Arab blood has been almost literally poured into the native breeds, the traces of Arab type and character are far less obvious than they are (for example) in the New Forest or the Highland ponies. The Arab horse undoubtedly transmits his fine temper and courage and his remarkable staying power. If we select Arab sires of racing ability we shall find that in a couple of generations or so, although the Arab himself is a slow horse, not within four stone of an English selling plater, that he improves the speed of his descendants. This has been shown in Australia, where the grandsons of Satellite and Glaucus, two well known Arab racers imported from India, produced stayers with—as Mr. Allison says of Loup Garou, the grandson on the maternal side of Satellite—"a terrific turn of speed."

But I discern in these pictures certain other points which are marked in the Arab and should be of great value where he is used as an out-cross. Look at Crosbie, Zoowar and Mootrub (the latter a well known Indian racer in his day), and note how well laid are their shoulders, how short a distance there is between the wither and the croup, how well ribbed up they are, and what evidence of weight-carrying power in proportion to their size they show.

There is another matter which is of interest. We know what an immense improvement took place in the speed of the English racehorse when Arab blood was used in the eighteenth century. The Arabs we have now in England are very like the imported horses of the eighteenth century. Place the portrait of Marzouk beside that of the famous Arabian. If we go a step further and examine the portraits of the Godolphin's sons, Babraham and Regulus, we can hardly fail to note that these horses had a long rein and fine, flexible, well put on necks. In Galopin, when at the stud, the heavy Godolphin crest reappeared, and the long, flexible necks in the latter's offspring, Goletta and St. Simon, also recur.

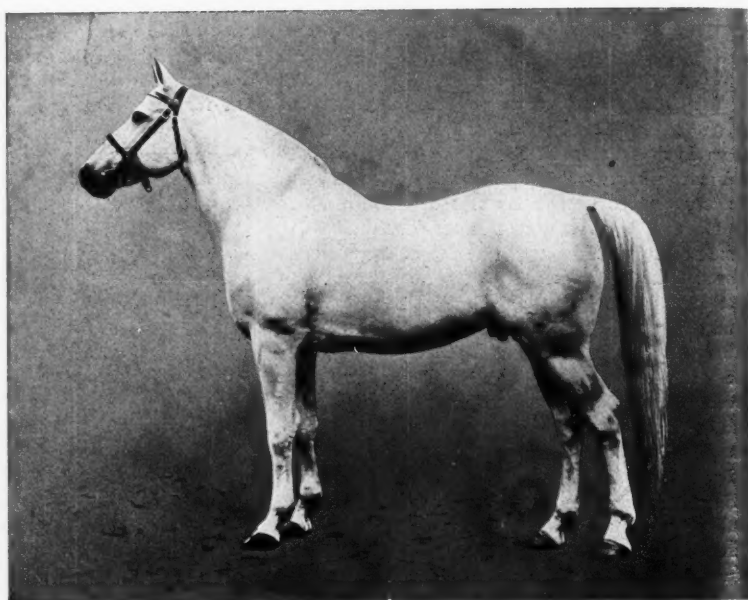
Another example of the likeness of our modern Arabs to those imported in the eighteenth century may be found by comparing Nureddin II with Mr. Ward's Arabian. As the former was Mr. Blunt's, it is not surprising to find that Ward's Arabian, whose portrait belongs to Mr. Somerville Tattersall, was obviously a high-caste horse. Both horses



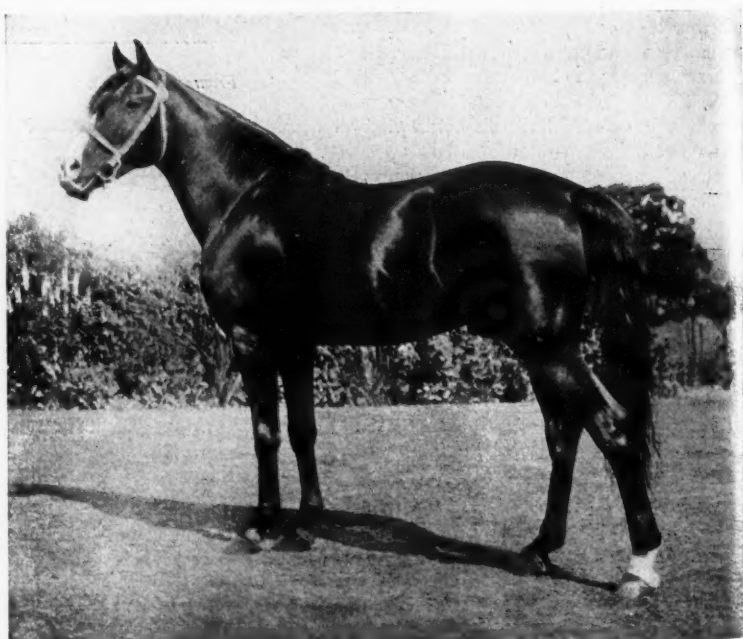
W. A. Rouch.

CROSBIE.

Copyright.



ZOOWAR.



ROHAN.

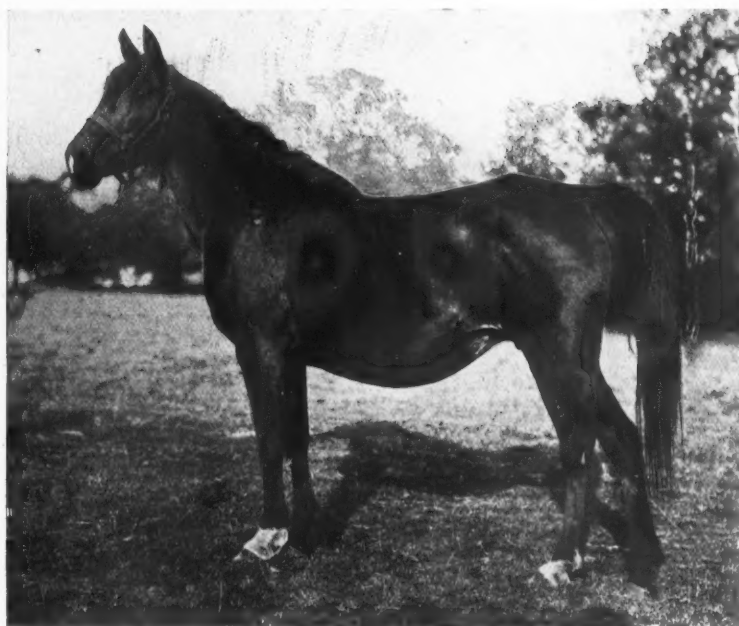
have well laid shoulders, but Nureddin is a little higher on the leg, and, assuming that Nureddin was bred in this country, we might expect this, as Arabs, although pure bred, have in England a tendency to become taller and to lose to some extent the desert look of quality. Speaking roughly, they gain in scope and pace, but lose in the character which is perhaps only to be found in a desert environment. This, however, does not mean that they lose the essential Arab qualities of temper, courage and soundness; but are, like all horses, subject to external change in a fresh environment.

I am not sure that quite enough stress has been laid by those interested in the introduction of Eastern blood on the share which the Barb mares had in forming our racehorses. The importance of these mares in the evolution of our thoroughbred horses, and, through them, of all our light horses, was made clear to us by Messrs. Bruce Lowe and Allison. Whatever may be our opinion of the figure system of breeding racehorses, at all events these writers have proved beyond doubt that four mares—Tregonwell's natural Barb mare, Sir J. Ramsden's Barb mare, Burton's natural Barb mare and Mr. Bowes' Byerly Turk mare—are most important factors in the making of our racehorses. The influence of these mares is most carefully worked out in Vol. II, page 156 *et seq.*, of Sir Theodore Cook's "History of the English Turf," and we shall all accept this writer's conclusion that the importance of these mares in the history of English horse-breeding is only second, if that, to the debt due to the great stallions—the Godolphin, the Darley Arabian and the Byerly Turk. If, as is sometimes said, two of these sires were Barbs, we have a clear pointer to the value of Barb blood, and a suggestion to the council of the Arab Horse Society that they should look to the Barb as a valuable source for out-crosses for English horses.

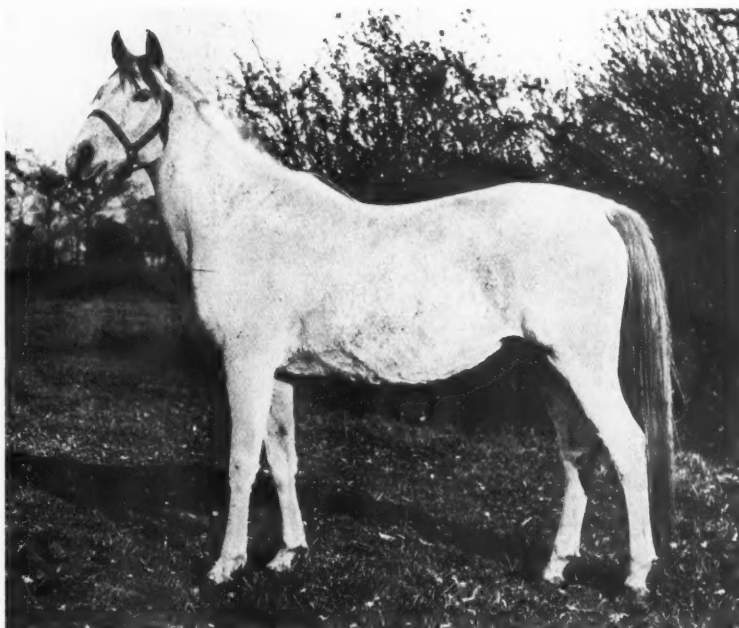
The more I study horse-breeding history the more convinced I am of the value which Barb blood has had for English horses. We have now, it is true, a number of Arab mares which we owe to Crabbet Park; but I suggest that a cross between our Arabian stallions and picked Barb mares might give us a most valuable strain and one from which we have precedent for expecting great things. The Arabian mares illustrated here—Nessima, Kesia and Feluka—are very interesting, and, if I may give a preference, I should say that, from what I saw in Mesopotamia many years ago, Nessima is the most typical. We have had so few Arab mares of this quality in England that we hardly know what effect they will have on our horse-breeding; but if we are right in supposing that the supply of mares, never large, is rapidly decreasing, we must look to some other method than the use of pure-bred mares for keeping up our stock of Eastern blood.

There is a much smaller demand for Arabs in Bombay than there used to be in the days when Arab racing was flourishing, when some Bombay cavalry regiments were mounted on Arabs, and before English and Waler ponies had displaced the Arab for polo. The Arab breeders depended on and bred for the Bombay market, and with the decreasing demand fewer Arabs will be bred in their native land. Firearms have caused a disuse of horses among the nomad tribes. Thus if these strains are to be saved for us something needs to be done, and we look to the Arab Horse Society to preserve for us as far as possible what remains of the invaluable desert breed of Arabia and of the countries where Barbs—scarcely, if at all, less useful to England—are produced.

X.



NESSIMA.



RUTH KESIA.



W. A. Rouch.

FELUKA.

Copyright.



HOUSES OF THE COUNTY TOWNS OF ENGLAND

SHREWSBURY—I.

IN the "History of Shrewsbury," which T. Phillips published in 1779, he tells us that: "The Plenty of provisions of all sorts, especially salmon and other river fish, with the pleasantness of the town, renders it full of gentry, who have assemblies and balls here once a week all the year round."

This residential character yet remains, and there is much survival of the dwellings that its wealthy inhabitants erected for themselves from the days of the Tudors down to the moment when Phillips wrote. Here, then—better perhaps than in any other single English town—we can seize, in a rapid and concentrated glance, the characteristics of the changing styles and modes of designing and planning adopted by men possessed of country tastes, and often of country houses, yet, from reasons of business

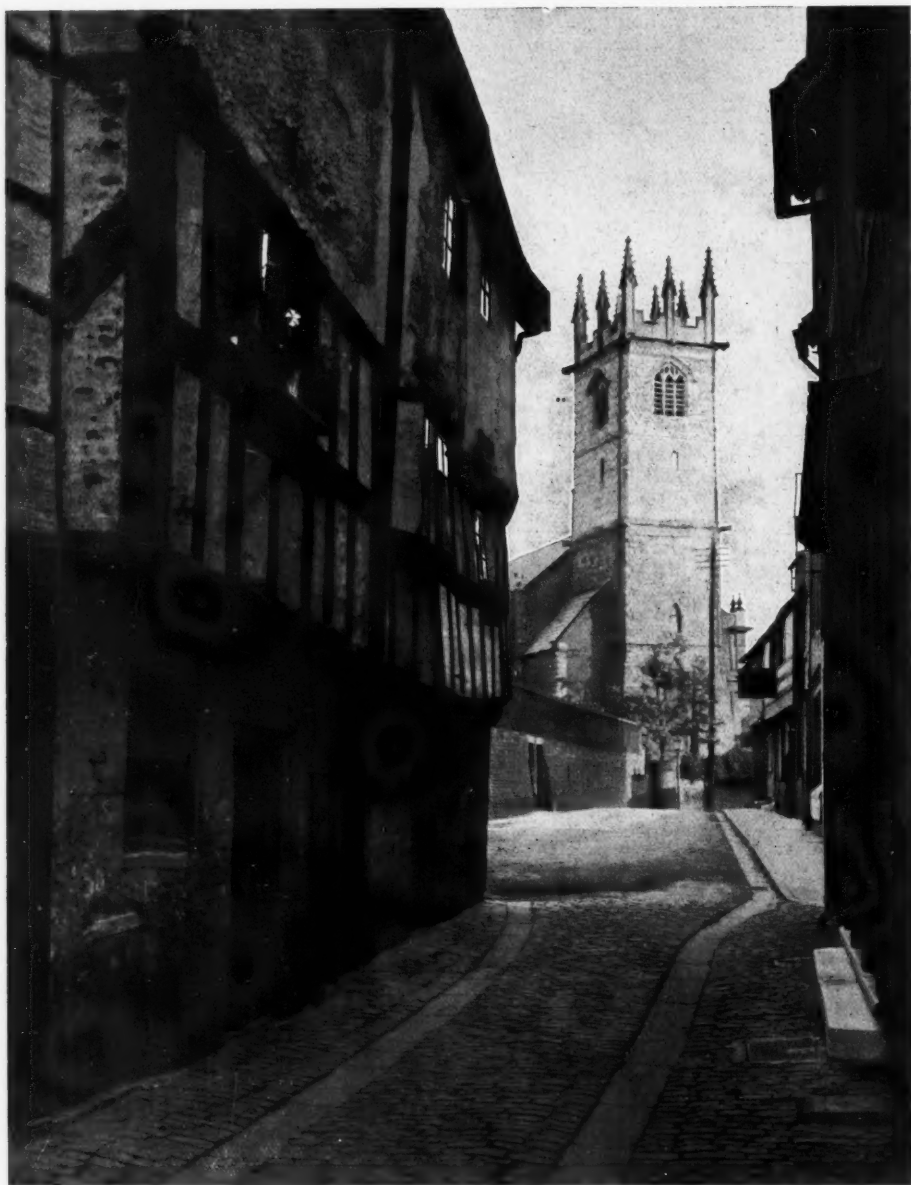
or office, of society or convenience, obliged, or preferring, to be town dwellers during part or all of the year.

But that is not Shrewsbury's only source of interest to the antiquary and architect. As a military outpost against Wales and a trading centre for Wales it occupies a place of much administrative and commercial importance throughout our history. Wealth thus came to it and set its impress on every type of its architecture, not merely domestic—that of its private, public and military buildings—but also ecclesiastic—that of church and abbey, friary and gild. Of all there is survival, remarkable in quantity and quality despite nineteenth century modernisation. Other towns may excel in some one feature or particular building; but as a single field for the presentment of the characteristics

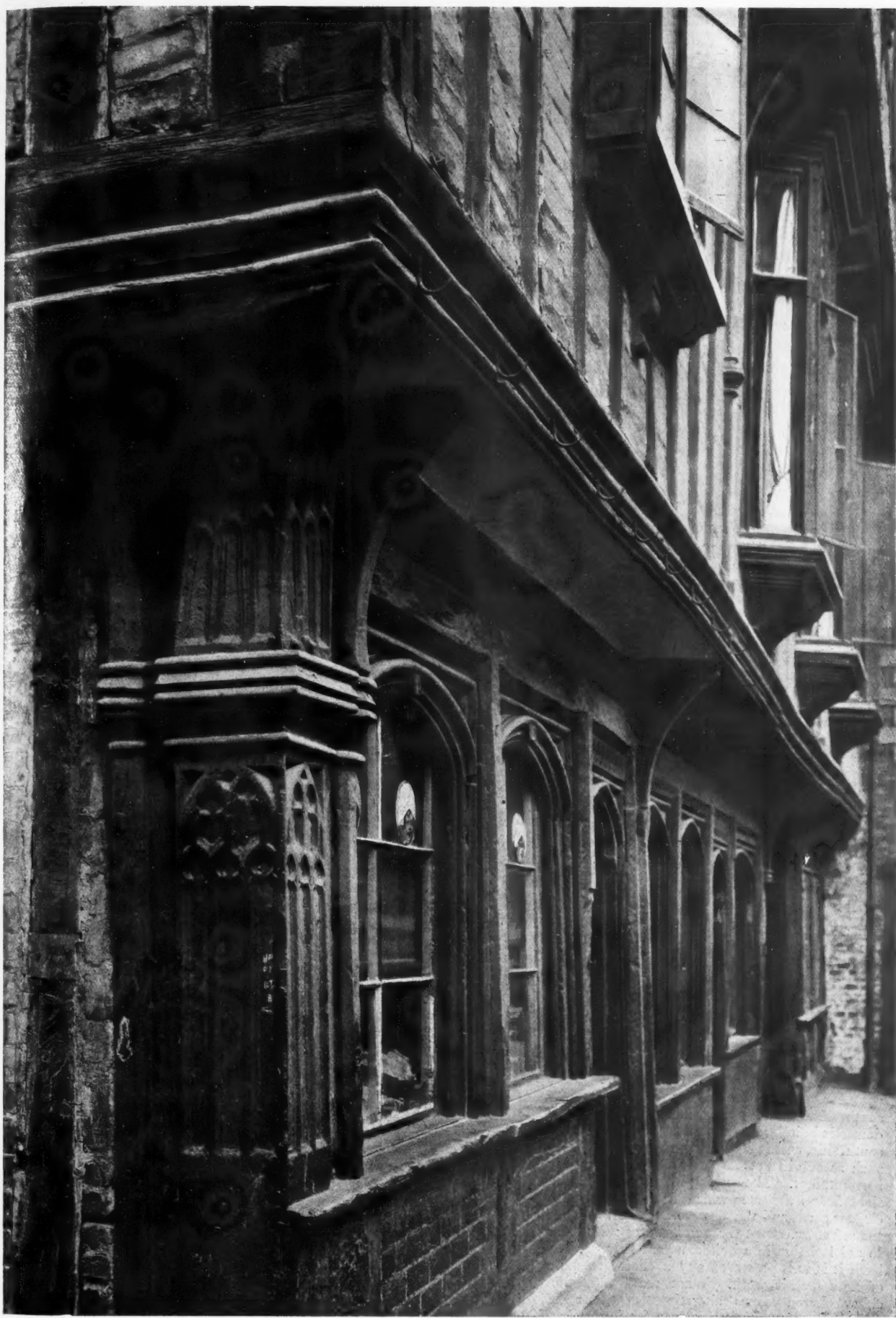
of an old and always prosperous place Shrewsbury stands in the first class, and some may hold that it has that class pretty well to itself.

Shrewsbury's dwelling houses from Tudor to Georgian times are now our particular theme, but glimpses at its general history and appearance are necessary for its intelligent appreciation.

A circular area of 1,000yds. diameter, rising high and encompassed by the Severn for fully four-fifths of its circumference, was admirably suited for early methods of defence, and so Shrewsbury caught the eye of the Norman leader whom the Conqueror appointed to hold the Middle Welsh in check. It was already a place of ancient inhabitation, the Pengwern of sixth century Powysland chieftains, the Scrobbesbyrig of the Mercians as they expanded westward. Its five principal churches were already existing when Roger de Montgomery became Earl of Shrewsbury in 1071 and strengthened the fortified post which he found occupying the summit of the steep northern slope whose base is not washed by Severn's stream. Then, or soon after, solid masonry replaced the timber buildings defended by palisaded earthworks. The red sandstone castle, begun by Normans and extended under Plantagenets, stood grim and strong above the only bridgeless approach to the river-girt town. The scene as the traveller from the north came near, was admirably picturesque until the curves and composition of the whole scene were marred and obscured by the many embanked lines and the unpromising station that now occupy the whole base of the



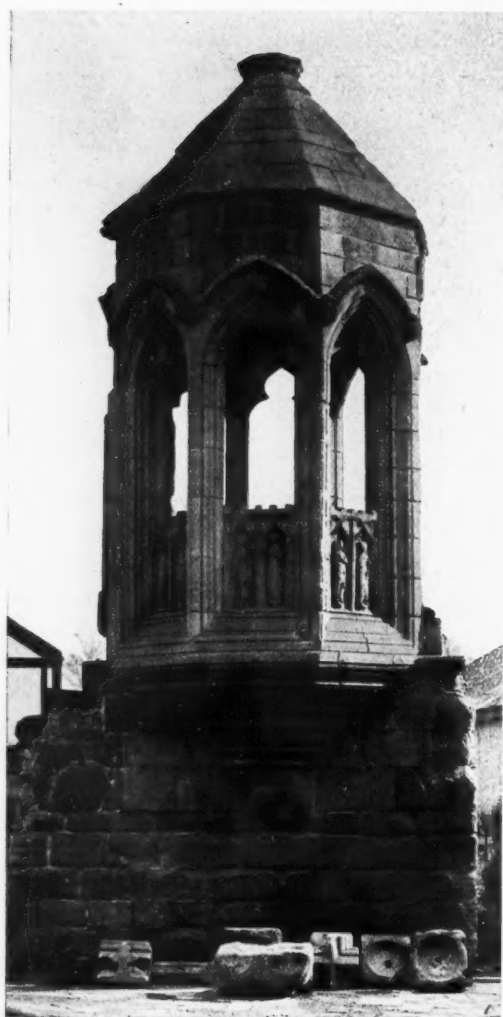
1.—ANCIENT TIMBER HOUSES IN FISH STREET, FRAMING THE TOWER OF ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH.



Copyright.

2.—CORNER POST OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY "ABBOT'S HOUSE" IN BUTCHER ROW.

"C.L."



3.—PULPIT OF THE REFECTORY OF SHREWSBURY ABBEY.

The domestic buildings of the abbey have all disappeared except this beautiful remnant, which stands forlorn in an area mostly occupied by a builder's yard.

picture, and yet scarcely satisfy the requirements of an important railway junction and centre.

As the Castle was the first big stone-built lay dwelling, so was the Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul the earliest monastic settlement of masonry and on the ample scale of a wealthy house of Benedictines. It was the reconstruction and expansion by Hugh de Montgomery in 1083 of an older ecclesiastical foundation, and we saw last week that Eyton was one of the twenty-six Shropshire manors which became its property. We have, moreover, lately noted its position on the level land across the river and seen how much of its Abbey Foregate manor passed under Elizabeth to Richard Prince, the builder of the house which came to be named Whitehall. In old time the only roadway passed north of the Abbey church, to the south of which lay a cloister surrounded by domestic buildings. The refectory occupied the south side, and in its south wall was a *pulpitum* such as survives at Tintern in more convincing surroundings. The making of a new high road right across the area which had once been the cloister garth and the destruction of all parts of the refectory except the *pulpitum* leave the latter in sad isolation in a builder's yard (Fig. 3). In itself it is well preserved and a choice example of Late Gothic work. What remains of the abbey church shows alterations of the same period, but much of the Norman fabric remains.

In the fourteenth century a few of the leading men of Shrewsbury followed the example of its lords and its abbots, and built their habitations of stone. Such traces of these as remain are carefully noted in Mr. H. E. Forrest's excellent little book on "The Old Houses of

Shrewsbury," where the remnant of "Bennett's Hall" is illustrated. It was not only rich merchants of the town, but men of territorial importance who were domiciled within Shrewsbury's Edwardian defences. A few bits of the masonry of Charlton's Hall survive, the builder being probably the John Charlton favoured by Richard II, and Lord of Powis by his marriage with Hawisia the heiress. Such houses were mostly in the area that lay south of the little Norman town and reached, east and west, to the fortified "English" and "Welsh" bridges, and south, half way down the slope to the marshy ground by the river side. The Edwardian walls stretched along a line that was favoured by eighteenth century builders, and a single remaining tower (Fig. 4) guards the entrance of the kitchen garden of a house that will be illustrated when we reach that period.

For the rest, mediæval Shrewsbury was timber built and its dwellings were humble, as well as composed of less solid and durable material than stone. They, therefore, have disappeared, and we approach the time of the Tudors before we find survivals of oak-framed houses. How picturesque they made Shrewsbury we can judge by the illustrations of Owen and Blakeway's history of the town, published in 1825. Since then much utilitarian reconstruction has taken place, yet enough remains to give us some idea of what old Shrewsbury was like, with its narrow ways and overhanging houses framing a view of a church tower (Fig. 1). But the best example of a timber building still retaining the full Gothic spirit stands at the angle of Butcher Row and Grope Lane. The ground here belonged to the Abbey of Lilleshall, and the house (Fig. 6) may have been built for one of its later abbots. The corner post (Fig. 2) is carved with Perpendicular tracery, and the front to Butcher Row retains—with modern glazing behind it—the open shop arcading that was still frequent in Shrewsbury a century ago. Except the lower bay window on the Grope Lane elevation, the remaining fenestration of the house has been renewed, and brick has been substituted for wattle and daub in the filling in between the structural timbers. These, also, especially in the top storey, have been in some measure replaced and altered, but the great tie beam of the gable is original and is carved with a cusped arcading. The structure may well date before Henry Tudor won the crown on Bosworth Field in August, 1485. A week earlier he had passed through Shrewsbury,



4.—ONE OF THE TOWERS OF SHREWSBURY'S EDWARDIAN DEFENCES.

It stands in the road still called Town Walls, but its east and south sides, rising from a much lower level, are in a kitchen garden belonging to Swan Hill Court House.

and we get a vivid if not quite contemporary account of the event in the "Taylor MS."—an old gossiping chronicle, largely relating to Shrewsbury matters, preserved in the library of Shrewsbury School. It deals fully with local events only during the latter half of the sixteenth century, when, no doubt, the chronicler was an eye-witness. But the earlier entries, if shorter, are illuminating and sometimes pithy, as on the occasion of the visit of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. He had landed at Milford Haven on August 7th, and in his march through Wales had gathered strength and met with no opposition till he reached the gate tower on the Welsh bridge of Shrewsbury:

Where the gates weare shutt against hym and the p'cullys lett downe sothe sayd Earles messenger cam to the gate, to saye the Walshe gate, commaundinge them to open the gates to theyre right Kyng, and mastr Mytton made and swoore beinge head bayly and a stowt wyse gentilma' sainge that he knewe hym for no kyng but only Kyng Richard to whom he was swoorne, whose lyffe ten'nts he and hys fellowes weare and before he should enter there he should goe over hys belly me'ainge thereby that he wold be slayne to the grounde and so to roon ov' hym before he entryd and that he protestyd vehementlye upon the othe he had taken: so the sayd Erle retornyd wth hys companye lacke agayne to a vylledge callyd Forten iij myles from Sh'orsburie where he laye that nyght and in the morninge followinge there cam ambassadors to speack wth the baylyffs requestinge to passe quietlye and that the Erle theyre master dyd not mean to hurte the towne nor non therin, but to goe trye hys right, and that he promysyd further that he wold save hys othe and hym and hys fellowes harmeles: upon thys they entryd and, in passinge throughe, the sayd Mytton lay alonge the grounde, and hys belly upwarde, and so the sayde Earle steppyd ov' hym and savyd hys othe and so passinge furthe and marchinge forwards untill he cam to a vylage nere unto Leicester callyd Bosworthe where he met Kyng Rychard and hys enymys the xxijth of August.

On the opposite side of the town from where this saving of Mytton's oath took place, that is on the Wyle Cop or steep



5.—FIFTEENTH CENTURY TIMBER HOUSE ON WYLE COP. Here Henry VII is said to have lodged on his march to Bosworth.



Copyright.

6.—THE ABBOT'S HOUSE IN BUTCHER ROW.

"C.L."

So called because it is on land which belonged to the Abbey of Lilleshall. It still shows the oak-arcaded, unglazed shop fronts which a century ago were still not uncommon in Shrewsbury.

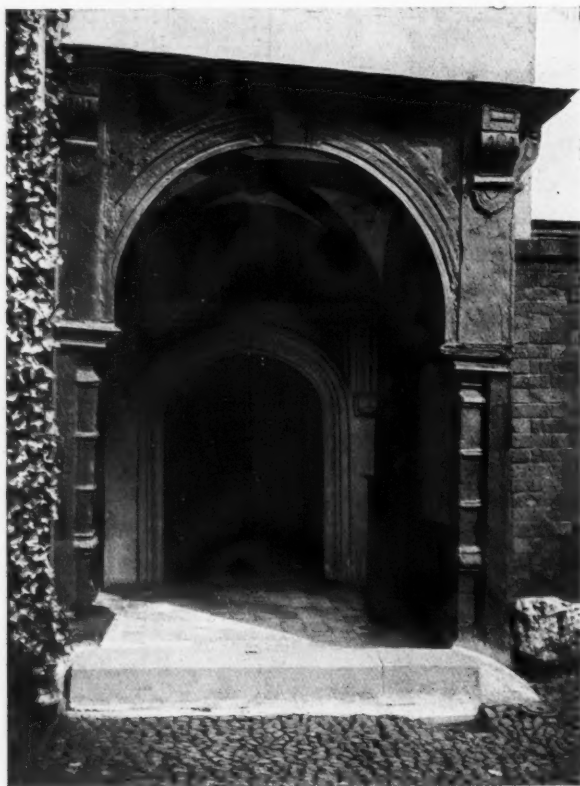
street descending to the English bridge, there still stands the house in which Henry is reputed to have lodged that night (Fig. 5). It has been sadly defaced by shop fronts, plaster and sash windows, but the whole structure is there, and the pronounced horizontal line of the great overhang of the top storey would look exceedingly well if the plaster were removed, beams, brackets and framing revealed, and the old fenestration renewed. What that was we fortunately know by the surviving example on the first floor, which escaped by being plastered up when the sliding window was made on the left of it. Tewkesbury is in front of Shrewsbury in the revelation of its old timber-framed fronts, although Lord Barnard has set a good example by removing the plaster from a house at the Castle approach. A little below the Henry VII house is one having a fine oak entrance archway, above which is placed the inscription "Mytton House" (Fig. 10). One of the family may have built, owned and even inhabited it, for the Mytton family gave many prominent burgesses to Shrewsbury during five centuries. But their chief abode and that where, no doubt, Thomas Mytton, the 1485 bailiff, lived was the mediæval house of the Vaughans on College Hill. Eleanor, daughter and heir to Sir Hamo Vaughan, carried it by marriage to Reginald de Mutton, who was five times bailiff in the reign of Edward III and his grandson. The Myttons held it till the eighteenth century, repairing and altering as need or



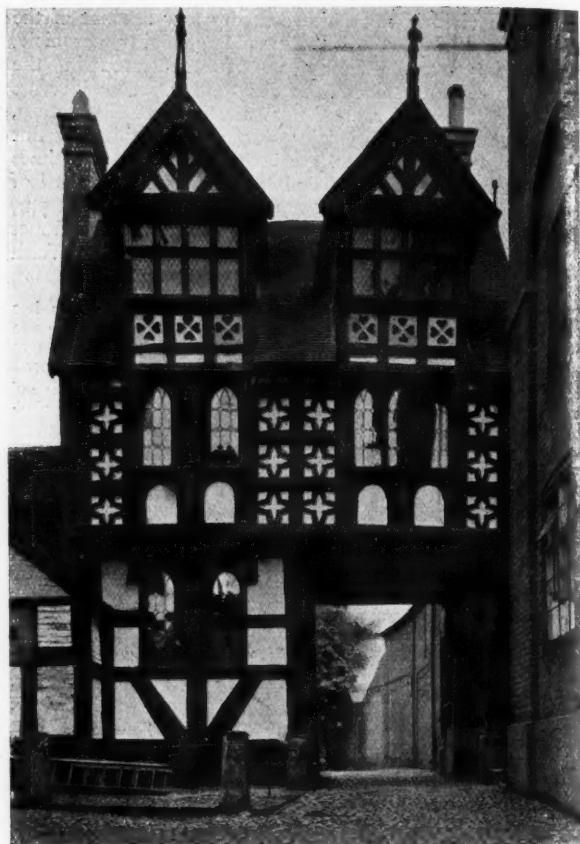
7.—THE BACK OF ROWLEY'S MANSION.

The timber framing is still filled in with the old wattle and daub. Above the older building rises the fine Jacobean structure built in 1618 but now dilapidated.

fashion dictated, but retaining the old plan of a great hall raised over an undercroft and reached by an outside stone stairway. The hall remains, its roof and dormer window (Fig. 11) indicating a probable Tudor reconstruction, perhaps by Thomas Mytton, who, despite his momentary opposition to Henry, continued to flourish and was again bailiff when he visited Shrewsbury as King in 1488. He was there again in 1495 with his family when the Corporation entertained the Royal guests, providing four oxen and twenty-four sheep, six hogsheads of ale and a tun and a half of wine, besides special wine, together with spice and sugar "to make ipocrass for the



9.—THE DOORWAY INTO THE COUNCIL HOUSE HALL. The hall no longer existing as a hall, the door is blocked up and the ground raised in front of it, thus sadly dwarfing its proportions.



8.—THE GATEWAY INTO THE COUNCIL HOUSE COURTYARD.

Queen." Moreover, there were "twenty-four pottles of wine bestowed on the King and the Lords in the Castle," which shows us where the Royal party then lodged. A few years later,



10.—ENTRANCE INTO THE COURT OF MYTTON HOUSE ON WYLE COP.

however, there was built close to it the "Lord's Place," which later on was enlarged as the "Council House" for the reception of the President and Council of the Marches of Wales as established under the Tudors, whose headquarters were in Ludlow Castle, but who made periodic visits to Shrewsbury. Of its sixteenth century buildings little remains but the stone walls of the hall and its arched entrance doorway with a lion and a Tudor rose in the spandrels, and the dripstone terminating with a human head at one end and a shield with three fleur-de-lys at the other (Fig. 9). It probably dates from Henry VIII's reign, the timber porch being added under Elizabeth when Sir Henry Sidney was several times there as President of the Council. He had placed his son Philip, the future author of the "Arcadia," at Shrewsbury School in 1564, the school having been founded in Edward VI's time and endowed with tithes and the revenue of the dissolved chantries of the Trinity in St. Mary's Church. Thomas Ashton, its first Master, was of the band of educationists, such as Cheke and Ascham, that trained the boys who, like Philip Sidney, grew up to shed lustre on Elizabeth's reign. The school was then a timber-framed building, the stone structure which still survives being very much the same in date and design as the Market House, which will be mentioned next week. Philip Sidney left Shrewsbury for Oxford in 1568, but his father, combining the offices of Lord Deputy in Ireland and President of the Council of Wales, continued to visit Shrewsbury and to be received by the townsmen with much pomp and circumstance, as we know by the detailed accounts of the now contemporary chronicler. Hither, in 1578, just after the city fathers had "newly beutyfied" their guildhall, he came "from the p'ts of Ireland." "At hys commy'ge into Salop was made by one of the free scoole an orac'on," and next day he was "requested to bancket in the newe repayryd hall wch place he gave it a name and namyd it the chamber of concorde." But the great doings were in 1581, when he

kept St. Georges feast in Shreusbery most honorably, comm'ge the sayde day from the counsell howse there in hys knightly robes most valiant, wth hys gentlime' before hym and hys knights followinge hym in brave order and after them y^e baylyffs and aldermen in their scarlett gownes wth the compaynes of all occupac'ons in the sayde towne in their best lyverys and before ev'y warden of ev'y company their ij stuards before the' wth white rodde in their hands wch devyded ev'ye company followinge in good and seemly ord^r towards St Chadd's church where he was stallid upon the right h' syde of the quyer.

A few days later the masters of the school "made a brave and costly bancket" of forty dishes, and next morning all the scholars to the number of 340 with their masters marched "in battell order wth their generalls, captins droomes troopetts and ensings" through the town to a field, where they met the Lord President "uppon a lusty courser" and "made their orac'ons howe valiantly they wold feight and defende the country." Again a few days, and there were "lamentable orac'ons sorrowinge hys departure," when scholars dressed as nymphs were placed on an islet and addressed his passing barge.

The Council house afterwards passed into private hands, and the present picturesque gate-house (Fig. 8), although so Elizabethan in character, was not there in Sir Henry's time. It bears date 1620 and is among the last batch of Shrewsbury's timber-framed buildings, brick being soon afterwards introduced. In Rowley's mansion (Fig. 7) we get the two materials. The courtyard is surrounded by a collection of ancient and somewhat dilapidated timber-framed structures representing the habitation and the business premises which William Rowley occupied when he settled in the town and plied his trade. Shrewsbury, as we shall see, was the great emporium for the sale of Welsh homespuns, and the Drapers were the most important of the companies who followed Sir Henry to St. Chad's on St. George's Day. Rowley was one of them—and perhaps also a brewer—who settled in the town under Elizabeth and prospered so well that under James I he used his street frontage as the site of a fine four-storeyed, L-shaped, brick house, the top of which shows above the old timber structure, which still retains its interfilling of "wattle and daub." Though less ancient, the brick house is even more dilapidated. Wrecked and windowless, it merely serves as a store for rough goods. That Shrewsbury's earliest and finest brick house should have been allowed to fall into so dire a state of decay is not to the credit of the town, which should



11.—ROOF OF THE HALL OF VAUGHAN'S MANSION, WHICH PASSED INTO THE POSSESSION OF THE MYTTONS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

be proud of its historic and architectural past and recognise that, in these days, these are a real asset—a source not merely of pride but of profit.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE GREAT SUGAR PROJECT

A NATIONAL SCHEME ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED.

IT is to be hoped that the nation will fully realise the significance of the great scheme for the home production of sugar which the British Sugar Beet Growers Society is about to publish in the shape of the prospectus of an all-British company. That Society has done yeoman service in the furtherance of this great movement. It is now about to transfer its responsibility for the Kelham estate, near Newark, and the industry to be established there, to a company in which the Government will join as a free and effectual partner. I must not anticipate the details of the scheme, but I should like to emphasise that the whole nation is asked to participate in an enterprise which from every point of view is national in character. Nobody wants the advantage and responsibility of the scheme to be confined to a close corporation enjoying the benefits of State assistance.

THE CASE FOR SUGAR BEET.

The Society has carried on such a ceaseless propaganda that most people must by this time have some idea of the main reasons why the establishment of the beet sugar industry is so greatly to be desired. Lord Bledisloe has put the case in brief and epigrammatic form. "England," he has said, "needs sugar and English agriculture needs sugar beet." The first of these propositions will be accepted without question. With the immediate prospect of sugar costing from 9½d. to 10½d. per pound, as compared with 1½d. to 2½d. before the War, and an ulterior prospect of scarcity hardening into famine, we may well begin to provide for a new source of supply under our own control.

Considering the sugar lands we possess in these islands and the Empire it is something like a national disgrace that we should at this moment be in the grip of a sugar corner manipulated by the Cuban producers. Even a few factories producing sugar in English countrysides would free us from our present almost complete dependence on a few foreign sources of supply and strengthen our position as purchasers in the world markets. England is nearly the biggest sugar consumer in the world.

Her soil and climate have been proved to be exceptionally adapted to this crop and there is no reason in the world why she should not be a large producer of an article which is an elementary necessity of life and a raw material which enters into a very wide range of manufacturing industry.

BEET AND AGRICULTURE.

But important and imperative as is this aspect of the question, there is another no less deserving of consideration. It is common ground that we must produce more of the necessities of life in our own soil and climate. I do not wish to become controversial, but my own view, and I think it is held by our leading agriculturists, is that we should aim chiefly at increasing the output of our existing plough land by more intensive methods of culture. Now, no agency we can adopt will help us to this end more unerringly than the introduction of the beet into our farming rotations. Universal testimony is borne, wherever the sugar beet is introduced, to the influence of the crop in vastly increasing all other staples with which it is joined in a farming course. The entire plane of national agriculture is raised by the cultivation of the beet. Now, this is really a decisive consideration. England can no longer afford to do without the benign effects upon her national economy of this magnificent crop.

I cannot here pretend to set forth the entire case for the naturalisation of sugar beet in our islands. But I would just refer to the value of the roots for feeding purposes. Experience and experiment all go to demonstrate this attribute of the beet. We shall get not only more wheat but more meat and milk by welcoming the new crop. Tests carried out by the Holstein

Society in America have showed that beet pulp or slices (the by-product of the factory), when fed to steers, resulted in an approximate gain of 70lb. per month in weight, and when fed to dairy cattle greatly increased the daily milk yield.

NATIONAL WELFARE.

No one can estimate what new wealth and welfare will be conferred on this country by a progressive development of this industry. Fresh life and prosperity will be infused into our rural districts. The Department of Colonisation and Development of the Pacific Railway Company reports that "beet-raising districts are able to support a denser population; 10,000 acres of sugar beet will provide living for five hundred families in addition to what the same area would ordinarily support." The sugar beet industry is indeed all to the good. It is net advantage. It will not only stimulate all existing manufactures, such as those of agricultural implements and machinery, but will call into existence many new and subsidiary industries.

I will conclude as I began by urging the public generally to look into the details of the specific scheme shortly to be published. The citizen is taking a hand in the enterprise anyhow through the Government, which is giving ungrudging assistance. But the Government also invites the individual citizen to help on his own account and to put all the weight he can behind a movement which is destined to confer a priceless benefit upon this country. Old England is a new country as regards the advantage to be derived from sugar beet, and the enormous market at her own doors promises an almost unlimited development to the industry.

J. SAXON MILLS.

NOTES ON YOUNG BITTERNS.—II

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MISS E. L. TURNER.

WHEN enraged, and it takes very little to ruffle a young bittern's temper, he will assume the most curious attitudes. After trying the crouch-and-spring tactics and finding these fail to drive away the intruder, he fairly gibbers with rage. His bill quivers incessantly, as if language failed to express his displeasure. Then, gripping the nest with his feet, he raises every body feather and stiffens each undeveloped quill. He next begins a curious rhythmic rolling motion of the body, accompanied by rapid thrustings forward of his bill. All these movements remind one forcibly of a

reptile—one almost expects to see a forked tongue dart forth from the quivering beak. Although the bittern grows rapidly in size and strength and the beautifully pencilled plumage develops quickly, yet several weeks elapse before he can fly. Several of the plates here show various attitudes of disgust and contempt assumed by a bird about three weeks old. Though unable to fly, he vanished into the reeds like greased lightning as soon as I removed my eyes from him, while changing a plate. Though hatched in April or May, they are not seen on the wing until July or August. It is possible that they may take short flights at dusk before



CROUCHING LOW IN THE NEST.



MEDITATING A SPRING.

this, but much of their life history is wrapped in mystery. They keep to the reed beds, and especially to their own breeding area, until their dispersal in the autumn. Then they wander over the marshes in search probably of new territory. One such adventurer was caught by a fenneman and confined in a hen coop till morning. But when morning dawned fortunately he had made his escape. Most of the food I have seen in the nests consisted of fish. Eels seem to be swallowed whole or in lengths, according to the size of the eel and the capacity of the bird. One two weeks old bittern I handled promptly disgorged one eel 9ins. long and 7ins. of another eel! The youngest of a brood of three (probably about a week old) regurgitated a nice little fillet of fish 4ins. long beautifully prepared for him. I politely offered him this dainty again, and after a little coaxing he

swallowed it. The gullet of a two weeks old bittern on these occasions, when he is disgorging food, swells to the size of a fowl's egg. One realises then that the capacity for carrying food in the adult female bird must be considerable. As she flies overhead when returning to her brood you can see her gullet distended with food. The young make a weird clamour when hungry and while being fed. This noise is between a quack and a grunt and a blending of both.

Deep in the seclusion of the great reed beds the rapidly developing bitterns seem to while away the long intervals between meals by making little excursions to and from the nest. A trained eye can easily detect their trails. Sometimes they lead to little matted platforms upon which the bitterns have stood until the broken reeds look as if they had been plaited by a skilled hand. But they return to the nest to be fed



IN A RAGE.

until fully grown. Later on, while still unable to fly, the nestlings resort to certain favourite spots amid the reeds. These consist of small open, marshy spaces such as are frequently found in the heart of dense reed beds. Here the birds await their meal, but at the slightest suspicion of danger they slip into cover. You know they are there, for you can hear their clamour and see the old bird drop down into one of these oases, and perhaps—once in a lifetime—you may be able to see them.

Owing to their extreme furtiveness bitterns are perhaps more difficult to study than any other birds. It needs weeks of concentration sometimes to elucidate one single point in their life-history. When feeding young the female bittern throws off much of her natural furtiveness. She may then be seen from dawn till dusk pursuing a regular her chosen feeding ground, men or busy marshmen. Up to the time of hatching, and after the young are fledged, I have never seen bitterns flying by day. They may, of course, be flushed, but when this occurs they merely drop into cover as soon as possible. When family cares begin to absorb her life the bittern seems quite suddenly to throw aside her natural reserve and to become not only bold, but garrulous. As soon as she leaves the nest she utters the hoarse croaking call-note "aark aark," and continues croaking until she alights on the feeding ground. She takes from forty to sixty minutes to collect food, and then makes a bee-line for home, still calling loudly all the way. If alarmed near the nest she swallows the food carried in her gullet and immediately goes off to collect a fresh supply. Individual bitterns vary in temperament. One may be quite fearless and fly to and fro at a low altitude and be visible from any point of vantage. Another will merely skim over the reed beds, and thus frequently escape observation unless your eyes are incessantly glued to the marshes. The soft colouring of the bittern harmonises completely with the top of the reed beds in early summer. The dead feathery flowers of last year's reeds (*Arundo pragnensis*) form a grey gold belt a few inches above the new season's growth, which does not attain its full height till mid-June. In certain lights, especially if there is "low visibility," a skulking bittern may easily escape detection when it is just floating over the top of the reeds. During gales, and rough



SIX WEEKS OLD.

line of flight to and from weather generally, they are seldom in evidence, and probably regardless of noisy yachts-bitterns then resort to some feeding ground nearer home.



SUPREME CONTEMPT.

THE FRANCIS BENNETT-GOLDNEY COLLECTION OF ENGLISH DELFT



1.—TWO LARGE LAMBETH DISHES.

140, Horsemen Jousting; diameter 19½ ins. 141, The Adoration of the Magi; diameter 18½ ins.

NOT much is known of our seventeenth and early eighteenth century potters, but they arouse our interest and our sympathy as workers in a craft that, whatever debt it owed to the Continent, yet at once showed marked native characteristics, and developed into the world-famed Staffordshire earthenwares of Josiah Wedgwood and his contemporaries.

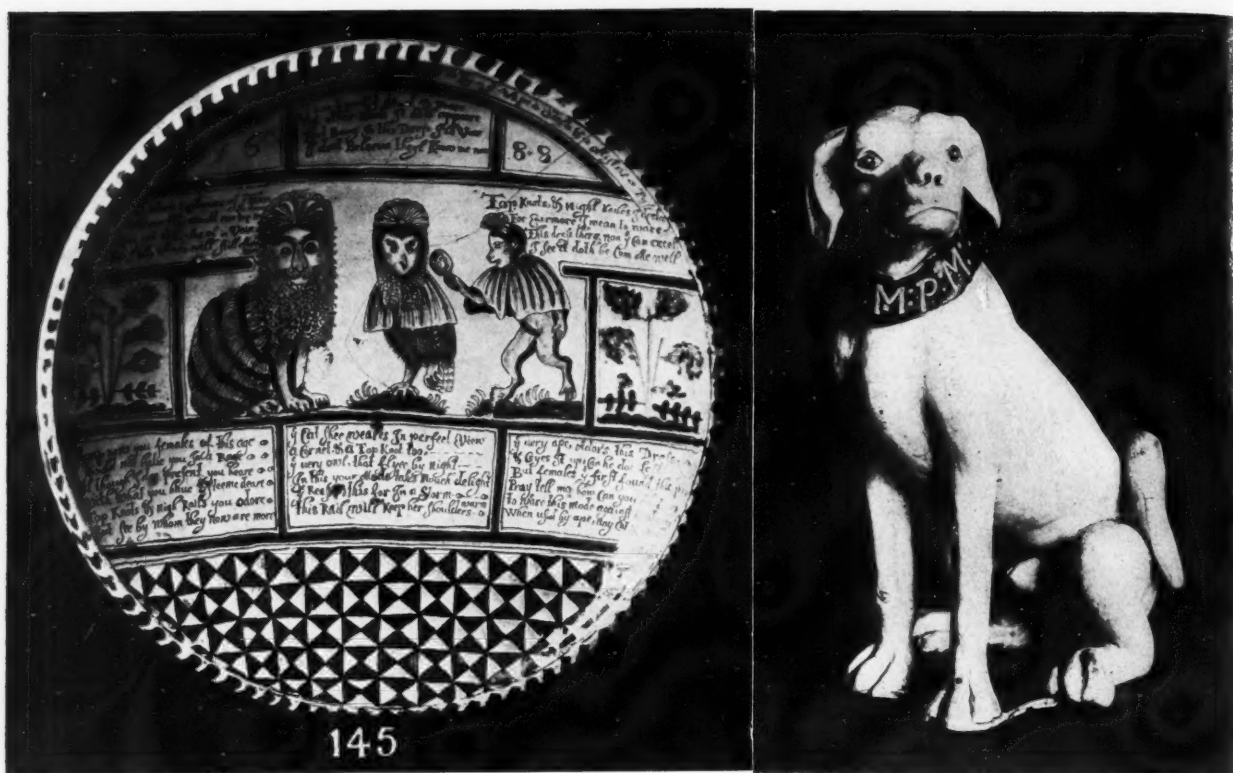
Thus the representative and well selected collection made by the late Mr. Bennett-Goldney, M.P. for Canterbury, was of educational value, the more so as the greater part of it was generously lent to the London Museum, and it is a misfortune that his lamented death is to lead to its dispersal under Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's hammer next Thursday, when those whom such ware interests should certainly visit the Leicester Square rooms.

The seventeenth century output of the Thames side potters is very well represented. At Lambeth and neighbouring parishes there arose under Charles I a brisk manufacture of the tin-enamelled wares in which Dutch potters had been for some time excelling, and just as their most important centre gave its name to the whole output, so do we class our blue and white Delft under the name of Lambeth, although about twenty potteries seem to have been distributed along some miles of the river bank. The blue decoration, especially in the earlier pieces, was slight and coarse, drug jars and wine bottles often having merely the name of their contents with or without a rough encircling scroll. Sometimes the date was added, and that is valuable to us as showing when certain shapes and varying decoration came in. Thus the earliest of Mr. Bennett-Goldney's bottles is marked "White wine 1640" (Fig. 5, 122). There are



2.—THREE BLUE DASH CHARGERS.

68, The Duke of Marlborough; diameter 11½ ins. 69, William and Mary; diameter 13 ins. 71, William III; diameter 13 ins.



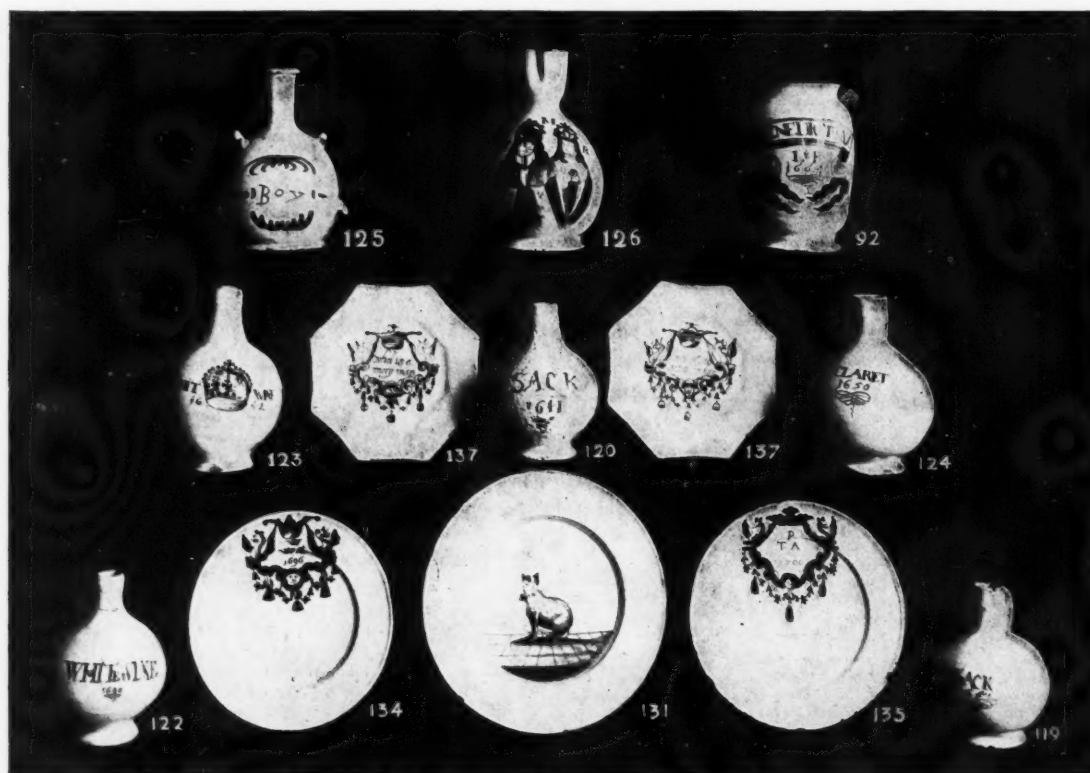
3.—A LAMBETH DISH.
145, Date 1688; diameter 15½ ins.

4.—ONE OF A PAIR OF SALT GLAZE DOGS.
18½ ins. high.

sack bottles of 1641 and 1651 (Fig. 5, 120, 119). Then an apothecary pot of 1664 shows slightly more painting (Fig. 5, 92), while a jug that breaks out into portraiture must date as late as 1689, for it is William and Mary crowned that are represented (Fig. 5, 126). By that time pottery was coming into use for plates, and we find one (Fig. 5, 134) with initials and the date 1696 enclosed in quite an elaborate cartouche. This is repeated in a set of octagon plates (Fig. 5, 137), the cartouches each enclosing one line of the rhyming verse:

What is a mery man.
Let him doe what hee kan
too entertaine his gelst
with wyne and mery gests.
but if is wyfee dothe frowne
all meryment goes Downe.

Although utensils, only slightly painted in blue, formed the staple industry of the Thames side potters, they occasionally broke out into decorative pieces much more ambitiously treated. A Palissy ware dish showing Venus reclining and cupids sporting was taken as one model, and an example of it was secured by Mr. Bennett-Goldney. Italian majolica was also copied, and this collection possesses a great dish 18½ ins. in diameter representing the Adoration of the Magi (Fig. 1, 141), while another, slightly larger, displays horsemen jousting (Fig. 1, 140). The Adoration is mostly in blues and yellows, but the altar or table is purple, showing the use at Lambeth of the manganese common with the Bristol and Staffordshire potters, especially as a powdered surface. The painting, although far below the Italian original, is unusually good for English work of the period, which only



5.—WINE BOTTLES, PLATES, ETC., IN LAMBETH WARE.

occasionally rose superior to the crude but amusing treatment of a Lambeth dish depicting a cat, an owl and a monkey, and showing that nature endowed them with the top knots which were then "Alomode," and which a twenty-six line poem decries (Fig. 3).

With regard to the somewhat differently made and treated decorative dishes now called blue dash chargers, the attribution in the catalogue is doubtful, and it is rather behind the times to set them down as "Staffordshire." Even Mr. William Burton, who published his excellent book on English earthenware in 1904, went no further than to say that this was "probable," and he admits that it is "very uncertain whether the manufacture of tin-enamelled ware was ever definitely established in the Staffordshire Potteries." Ten years later Mr. Downman, a collector of these chargers, visited Staffordshire and every other locality where they might have been made, but found no evidence in support of any place of origin until he reached Bristol, where he "learnt that Mr. William Pountney, of Bristol had excavated on the sites of pot works at Brislington and Bristol in A.D. 1914 and 1915, and had found, among a quantity of fragments, portions of many of these blue dash chargers." He also established that the Brislington works were acquired in 1670 by Edward Ward, who in 1683 opened the Temple Backs works, working both till 1697, when Brislington

was abandoned; but Temple Backs was carried on by him and his family till 1749. These are the two potteries where many fragments, having the characteristic blue brush mark or dash repeated along the edge, were found by Mr. Pountney, and as such chargers are very usually decorated with figures of English sovereigns from Charles II to George II, it is quite probable that they were a special product of Edward Ward and his family from 1670 to 1749. Their most popular time was during the reigns of William and Mary and of Anne, these being the sovereigns most usually represented (Fig. 2, 69 and 71), while such popular personages as the Duke of Marlborough (Fig. 2, 68), Prince Eugene and the Duke of Ormonde were in demand. Adam and Eve were often depicted on blue dash chargers, while floral subjects were also treated.

In stone ware Staffordshire was certainly pre-eminent, and probably thence came a pair of whitish salt-glazed dogs, 18½ ins. high, having initials and the date 1724 on their collars (Fig. 4). That was the time when Staffordshire was experimenting in whiter clays in order, as far as possible, to give something of the effect of Oriental porcelain to the white salt-glazed ware delicately used for teapots, cups, jugs, tankards, and other such small utensils. The dogs are exceptional pieces.

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY FOX

Henry Fox, First Lord Holland, By Lord Ilchester. (John Murray.)

LORD ILCHESTER is to be congratulated on having written a fresh and most interesting biography of Henry Fox. The presentation of this remarkable man is fair and candid, and no injustice is done to his great rival, William Pitt, although the haughtiness of the latter is insisted upon perhaps a little more than is desirable. But this goes with a full recognition of his greatness and patriotism. In his introduction the author shows a goodly list of unpublished material, some of which came to him in an unexpected manner. He was looking over the papers of Stephen, Earl of Ilchester, the elder brother of Henry Fox, and found over three hundred of Fox's old letters hidden away there, besides other papers throwing a light upon Henry Fox and his father, Sir Stephen. The intelligent reader would have seen the value of this biography without any information as to the sources from which it was compiled. Its value is chiefly political, but at the same time it presents a lively picture of English country life in the eighteenth century. The simplicity was, in many respects, in very great contrast to the luxury of our time. Take shooting as an example. The book would be worth putting in the library if only for the sake of the extracts from the Melbury game books. As the author says, "sport in the eighteenth century had none of the obtrusive luxury of recent years." Rearing game and driving were undiscovered arts. Game was very scarce, and an enthusiast thought nothing of tramping the fields all day without getting a shot. One sportsman alone, or two together, usually on horseback, would range over stubbles and grasslands with pointers for partridges and quail; and later in the season spaniels were employed in covert, in thicket and in coppice, to flush the pheasant or the woodcock. An occasional hare, rabbit or snipe made up the day's total. Shooting happened to be the favourite pastime of Henry Fox. Hunting had no attraction for him. He was a fair shot, but, judging from the bags, not so good as his brother. The first extract will give a fair idea of a day's shooting about the year 1736:

September 13.—Stapleford, Little Langford, Wily, Codford, Bapton, Stockton, Codford, Fisherton. The farmer told us it would be a brown day: it was a very melancholy one. We saw but 4 birds. Mr. S. Fox shot twice. Mr. H. Fox did not let off his gun. Mr. Hill was out hunting. Killed one hare.

Here is another equally interesting extract:

Grovely. Very fine weather. Kill'd ev'ry pheasant we saw. Killed by S. Fox 2 pheasants. By H. Fox 3 pheasants, 1 partridge. One of the pheasants shot by S. Fox could not be found, tho' it fell immediately and was seen to fall by six people, perch'd on six several trees after the example of Mr. Willemin. The said Willemin got so far into thick wood, that without assistance and some branches being cut for him, he would never have got out. S. Fox Kill'd both pheasants on horseback. Mr. H. Fox kill'd the partridge on horseback likewise.

September 21.—Ablington, Sislecot and the pennings beyond towards Everley. Shooting very fine weather. Kill'd by S. Fox, 8 partridges. By H. Fox, 2. One of those kill'd by H. Fox was wing'd, ran into a hedge, and is the third that has been so lost this season.

With the Foxs there was very often their friend, the Rev. Samuel Hill, who was a parson of a type not uncommon in the eighteenth century. The records for 1747, which were written,

by the by, by Henry Fox, begin with the following announcement:

All this page is left blank for encomiums on Henry Thomas Fox [afterwards second Earl of Ilchester], who was born the 29th of July, 1747, and baptiz'd the 26th of August by Mr. Canon Hill, who went to London for that purpose, and came back in a great hurry to be at Wells Races. On September 18th we are told

Mr. Hill rode out all day without any skin on his buttocks, and at night was in a damn'd passion with Sir Charles.

An extract from a sermon he preached in the Abbey Church at Bath is amusing, but scarcely in the taste of the present generation. Here is an entry which illustrates in a singular manner the scarcity of game in those times:

December 12.—West End Coppice. Kill'd by Mr. Calcraft, a 3d part of a partridge; by the Secretary, a 3d of a partridge; by Ld Ilchester, a 3d of a partridge. By the Secretary, a hen pheasant, 1 woodcock. By Dick Cox, 1 woodcock.

Mem.: The hen pheasant which the Secretary kill'd this day is the only one that has been shot by the Redlynch shooters these several years, my Lord preserving the pheasants in Somersetshire.

All this occupies a considerable amount of space in a review, but it forms a very small part of a book, which is a study of the life of Henry Fox and his times, written in an unpretentious but excellent style, and with every paragraph containing information of one sort or another. Henry Fox does not appear to a student of the present time as a very attractive subject for a biography. He had a winning manner when he chose, but it never seems to have appealed to Pitt, who treated him not only with haughtiness, but absolute disdain. Sir Robert Walpole, who was Prime Minister when he entered Parliament, enunciated and acted upon the cynical belief that every politician had his price, and bribery was carried on to an extent that seems incredible now. Henry Fox, to some extent at all events, inherited this bad tradition. Yet England was being navigated through some of the most dangerous times in her history. But for Pitt's genius for understanding foreign politics and the trend of opinion abroad as well as at home, there must have been great danger of the complete wreckage of the State. Those who were in power were either weak and wavering, like the Duke of Newcastle, or prejudiced and wrong-headed. Merit had very little chance of advancing in proportion to its value to the State. The greatest feat accomplished by Henry Fox was to become the father of Charles James Fox, and he is not entitled to much credit for that, because if he had deliberately calculated to spoil his children he could not have taken more effectual measures than he actually did. One does not like to blame Charles Fox for vices that were incidental to the age in which he lived. He began gambling at Eton, and in spite of promises or half promises made to his indulgent father, who worshipped his son and footed his bills without a murmur, continued it to the end of his life.

He was a great speaker and sincere in his thoughts, though in regard to his oratory he spoke *le mot juste* when he said, "I am never at a loss for a word and Pitt is never at a loss for the right word." By that time Henry Fox had obtained the diligently sought peerage and was in the Upper House. As age came upon him he often thought, or talked at any rate, of retiring from politics, but the ruling passion was too strong, and he was still deep in intrigue to the moment of his death.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FUTURE OF HOLME LACY

THE sale of the Holme Lacy estate easily surpasses in interest all the other transactions effected during the last few days.

"Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, which was bought in at the auction in December last, has now been sold by Messrs. Trollope privately."

In these words, characteristically brief and to the point, Messrs. Trollope notify to us one of the principal transactions that has been recorded for many months in the landed estate market. No doubt they rely, and rightly, upon the importance of the estate to secure for it an appropriate measure of publicity. So much has already on various occasions appeared in these columns about Holme Lacy that it is not necessary to say much now; but there is that about Holme Lacy which compels attention, and it would not be proper to pass by the sale without a brief reiteration of the chief points of interest in the property.

In all likelihood, however, the one thing that every lover of our grand old English homes is at the moment most interested in is the question, asked about so many of them, as to what may be the future of the estate. So far no definite and authoritative announcement has been made as to the nature of the sale or the name of the purchaser. Neither has any indication been given of the price. The proceedings at Winchester House in the closing days of 1919 threw little or no light upon the probable amount of the purchase money, assuming the estate was sold in its entirety. There was little or no competition, not that anyone experienced in these matters expects a crowd of competitors for a property of that character. The highest bid under the hammer of Mr. Neild Shackle was only £150,000, as stated in COUNTRY LIFE of December 6th, and the reserve was not disclosed.

Holme Lacy has been illustrated in these columns (Vol. VI, page 80, and Vol. XXV, pages 870 and 906). The estate extends to over 3,400 acres, between Hereford and Ross, and the deer park contains a herd of about a hundred fallow deer, which were included in the sale as originally announced. The Wye winds along the edge of the estate for five miles, affording fine salmon fishing. There is hunting with two or three packs, and the woods and plantations carry a large head of game. The sale has been carried out on the instructions of the executors of the late Sir Robert Lucas-Lucas-Tooth.

Of the historical associations of Holme Lacy it is hard to know just where to begin to speak, for they run back to the Conqueror's confidant, Walter de Lacy, who selected it for his home, out of all the wide tracts of country which fell to his share. His son boasted no less than sixty-five lordships in the county, of which this "hamme" or "holme" was regarded as the chief. In the reign of Edward III one of the Scudamores, who had also come with William the Conqueror, went into Herefordshire from Wiltshire and married the heiress of Gwyar. By marriage, again, one of his descendants obtained possession of the De Lacy estates, which for six centuries remained in the hands of the family.

Sir James Scudamore, knighted for his bravery at the siege of Calais—"a man famous and fortunate in his time," as Fuller says—was a patron of Spenser, who immortalised him as the "Sir Scudamore" of the "Faery Queen." His son, John, who was created a viscount in 1628, entertained Charles I at Holme Lacy in 1645, the year of Oliver Cromwell's victories at Marston Moor and Naseby. Pope was also always welcome at Holme Lacy, and it was there that he wrote of "The Man of Ross" (John Kyrle):

"Who taught you heaven-directed spire to rise?"

"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies."

The present mansion was largely built by the third and last viscount, who died in 1716. The wonderfully fine moulded ceilings of the principal rooms are some of the best examples in England of that form of decoration.

THORPE HALL, NORTHANTS.

GENERAL STRONG has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Thorpe Hall in the spring. The Hall was designed by John Webb in the Commonwealth period,

and is probably one of the best examples of that day. In 1653 it was the property of Lord Chief Justice St. John.

Thorpe Hall (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of September 6th, 13th and 20th last), though having on certain of its details the date 1656, was in occupation at least two years earlier, for Evelyn has an entry in his diary of August 30th, 1654: "Got this evening to Peterborough, passing by a stately palace of St. John's (one deeper in y^e bloud of our good King) built out of the ruins of the Bishop's palace and cloyster."

The house consists of an unbroken parallelogram, 88ft. long by 74ft. wide, standing in an enclosure of five or six acres encompassed by a finely built ashlar wall. There can be little doubt that John Webb, the kinsman and pupil of Inigo Jones, was the architect, and the house, though not of vast size, was brought, at great expense, to a fine perfection of finish. As a Commonwealth garden, grandly and completely laid out and surviving in all its leading elements, that at Thorpe is unique. It is also a garden of quite exceptional size for its period, for John Rea, the leading garden maker and writer on the subject at that time, considered an acre and a half quite sufficient for a nobleman's house. The mid-nineteenth century repairs and alterations added somewhat to the extent of this enclosure for kitchen garden purposes, and removed some of the buildings.

How far Evelyn was right in saying that Thorpe was "built out of the ruins of the Bishop's palace and cloyster" it is hard to say. It is certain that a vast quantity of new material must have been brought from the Northants quarries for the construction of the large square house, the long ranges of outbuildings, and the 2,100ft. of enclosing wall. However, Evelyn was a contemporary witness who actually visited the place. The cathedral and its precincts had been devastated by Cromwellian soldiery, and Parliament was quite willing that it should be totally destroyed.

It seems that, according to St. John's defence of his conduct during the Rebellion, "Whereas the minster of Peterborough, being an ancient and goodly fabric was propounded to be sold and demolished, I begged it to be granted to the citizens of Peterborough." With that incredible ignorance which has marked the inhabitants of more than one of our cathedral cities in dealing with their ancient monuments, the citizens of Peterborough "considering the greatness of the charge to repair it (the cathedral) agreed to pull down the Lady's Chapel and expose the materials thereof for sale." Thereupon St. John, who paid for the stones used at Thorpe, seems to have found money for repair. It has been pointed out of the interior of Thorpe that its doorways and other features have been reproduced by modern copyists who, as Mr. H. Avray Tipping says, readily turn to Thorpe.

Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch has decided to sell her Suffolk property, Barnardiston Hall, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer the estate by auction.

Merton, a "black and white" house on the outskirts of the New Forest, is to be sold in the spring by the same firm, whom Mr. F. E. M. Walton has instructed to sell his riverside house at Bray, with the collection of antique furniture and works of art brought from Italy, France, Belgium and Holland.

Rowner, Sussex, is to be sold in the spring. Part of the residence dates back 300 years. The old mill will be included.

BUYING BY TENANTS.

THE Marquess of Anglesey's tenants took advantage of the offering of a further portion of his lordship's Staffs properties to buy their holdings by private treaty before the auction, and nine or ten lots changed hands in that way, the total, inclusive of a few lots sold at Burton-on-Trent by Messrs. Winterton and Sons on Saturday last, being about £10,500. The same firm acted in the sale of the Brocton Hall estate, obtaining a total of £35,000, the hall and 124 acres being withdrawn at £5,900.

The Duke of Rutland's tenants are negotiating for farms, and it is probable that by the time the auction at Melton Mowbray is reached, early next month, quite half the area arranged to be offered there may have been taken out of the market by the sitting tenants. Indeed, it was understood that this

result had almost been reached early this week, and there are yet a few days for the hesitating ones to make up their minds.

Farm tenants on other well known estates are to be given the chance of buying their farms; for example, nearly 900 acres in three holdings on the Knebworth estate are shortly to be brought to the hammer by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard. By the way, the firm's list of forthcoming sales includes Embly Park, a New Forest estate of 3,800 acres famous for its rhododendron drive of nearly 2½ miles, and still more worthy of regard as the early home of Florence Nightingale.

TOWN HOUSES AND SITES.

ONE of the houses in Smith Square, Westminster, No. 10, a modern property held on lease, has been sold by Messrs. Trollope, Freeholds in Mayfair, forming the lower end of Clarges Street and part of Curzon Street, have been disposed of by Messrs. Robinson, Williams and Burnands.

SCOTTISH PROPERTY SOLD.

MR. STORMONTH DARLING has bought Rosebank, Kelso, a property which is remembered as having been the home of an uncle of Sir Walter Scott, who spent a great deal of time there as a boy. A Haddington estate, Eaglescarnie, has been sold to Captain Peel, a relative of the Marquess of Tweeddale. The Berwickshire estate, Temple Hall, is in the market, by order of Captain Butter, who has held it since he sold the Faskally estate. The Duchess of Norfolk has just acquired the remains of Includent Abbey, one of the more noteworthy lots, in the recent auction of the Terregles estate.

SALE OF A HINDHEAD HOTEL.

WE understand that the freehold residential Hotel Moorlands, at Hindhead, with 6 acres of grounds, has been disposed of through the agency of Messrs. May and Rowden, who acted in conjunction with Messrs. H. L. Matcham and Co.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

THERE was a crowded sale room on the occasion of the submission of another portion of Sir Dennis Bayley's estate at Hunmanby, Yorks. The realisations reached a total of nearly £35,000, including a farm of 515 acres, for which £16,000 was paid, and the competition for the smaller lots was very keen. It is understood that the result was much in excess of the sums at which the tenants might have acquired the various lots if they had been so minded.

THE RIVERS SALE AT BATH.

ACTING for Mr. L. H. Pleydell-Bouverie and other grandchildren of the late Rev. Sir Henry Rivers, Messrs. Gudgeon and Sons offered a portion of the Rivers estate, Bath, including the fine old houses in Queen Square. The private negotiations before the auction had yielded about £11,000, and the auction itself added over £17,000. Since then various lots, among them the Francis Hotel, which had been bought in at £7,500, have changed hands.

SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

JOINTLY with Mr. Alfred Pearson Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have sold Woodleigh, a freehold of 4 acres at Fleet, and their other private sales in the last day or two include the first lot in the Westfields auction, the mansion and 50 acres at Wrecclesham, also three cottage properties and a total of 12 acres at Kilmeston, near Alresford, also Dean Farm, Chute, a holding of over 320 acres, close to Andover.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT CHESTER

THAT an episcopal palace should be suggested as suitable for conversion into a boarding-house or private hotel is still somewhat surprising, despite the many complaints there have been of the difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of maintaining these palaces in present circumstances. The Bishop's Palace at Chester is so announced for sale. It has been unoccupied ever since Dr. Jayne vacated it, and the present Bishop lives in one of the houses formerly allocated to the canons-in-residence.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MUSIC OF THE LEAVES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Professor Bragg's interesting article and the one which follows it in your issue of February 21st prompt me to send you the following lines from "Claudius," which are quoted by Erasmus Darwin, together with a rendering in English. Unfortunately, I am not at liberty to give the name of the translator.

Vivunt in Venerem frondes; nemus omne per altum

Felix arbor amat; nutant ad mutua Palmæ
Foedera, populeo suspirat Populus ictu,
Et Platani Platanis, Alnoque assibilat Alnus.

Leaf, Life and Love! ah happy trees! instinct
With that sweet influence, palm with palm
keeps tryst

And poplar thrills to poplar's soft caress,
Alder and plane low whisper to their kind.

—GERALD LODER.

TRAMPS AND THEIR SIGNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur O. Cooke, in your issue of February 14th, wonders whether the British tramp possesses a sign language. I have been told that he does, but that the signs are so small that it is practically impossible for the outsider to detect them. I have repeatedly looked for them, but could never detect the slightest suspicion of one upon my fences or gates. Being a student of vagrant life I have had many friends among the "men of the road," and divide them into three classes. The gipsy; the tramp who is always seeking work but uses his demand to annex small articles and beg; and the man who is a victim to the *wanderlust* in his blood. The two first are more or less dangerous, while the last class is generally worth knowing. I had been much troubled with the evening calls of the numerous work-seekers (I lived at the time on the main London road), and my little daughter had been threatened by these gentry. One of my friends of the *wanderlust* type came along with his offering of wild flowers, and I told him of the trouble. "I'll settle them," he said, and going to the gate he made some mark. He would not let me see what he did, and declined to tell me. "That's our secret, but you won't have any more trouble." And I didn't. But although I examined that gate I could not detect the smallest sign of writing or drawing. Chinese servants in Australia have a sign language, and will leave their opinion of the "missus" and the house, both on the fireplace and in the sleeping place they occupy. When engaging a new Chinaman as servant in Australia he will ask to see the kitchen, and it depends upon what is written there whether the man will come or not. It is said that the Japanese servants do the same, but of this I have no actual knowledge. This warning in sign language is a survival of the carvings and mottoes in the living-rooms of houses in the Middle Ages, showing to the initiated among strange travellers the real faith and nationality of their hosts.—AUSTRALIAN.

A DOG'S FIGHT WITH A BULL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I wonder if you would care to publish this little story from Southern Rhodesia of my dog, Don, and his fight with a bull. We started off that afternoon, Majumo leading, myself mounted on Thomas next, and bringing up the rear a further varlet leading Don, a "jubby" Airedale, rather undersized, but with a heart of more than usual proportions inside him. The day was hot and the bush veldt, with its patches of brilliant sunlight and dark shade, exercised an almost sleepy effect. Lulled by the regular tread of the horse and the quiet steps of the natives, my thoughts strayed from the hunt to be brought up with a jerk by the sight of Majumo standing rigid with outstretched spear. A full-grown sable bull, noblest of buck, was standing regarding us casually, his hindquarters partly hidden by a tree, and remained calmly flicking his tail as I dismounted, raised my rifle and fired. Then, with a buck and a bound, off he went. Blood in big spots showed a hit, so, signalling the boy to release Don, we followed on the spoor. The dog, with a rapid cast to left and right, picked up the scent and was lost to sight in the trees and grass. A lapse of a few minutes,

then a faint, but sustained, barking from ahead. Boot, saddle and away! Through the bush at a gallop with the boys bounding alongside and the stray branches whipping and slashing at my face. This time the bush was clearer, and pulling up a short distance away I had a splendid view of the fight. And a great fight it was! The bull, with lowered head and wicked horns poised, would dash at the dog, his forefeet coming down with a vicious "pluk-pluk" in his endeavour to catch his nimble adversary. But, keeping just ahead, Don would suddenly double swiftly and attack in the rear. Unsteady with the gallop, my next shot went high and merely grazed the cheek and shoulder. With a shake and a bound the bull dashed off and the chase was resumed. In a large green vlei the gallant bull took his last stand, and renewed his efforts to shake off that little gadfly of a dog that buzzed about his heels. His bearing showed no sign of fear, but rather expressed a concentrated rage at such ignominious treatment. Imagine the sun slowly sinking and the vlei banded by great shadows. With head erect and nose a slobber of blood stood the bull, ever shifting ground to face his small opponent, who, barking furiously, jumped in and out with the quickness of a cobra. Then enraged, the sable would spring forward. Flashing horns, striking hoofs to right and left and round again, a perfect picture of vicious grace, beauty and balance. At last both combatants tired, and the dog, with panting head on outstretched paws, lay looking at the buck standing motionless, its dripping nose and heaving flank gave evidence of dire distress. Then "Time," and to it again. Don, over-bold, made a dash at the nose, and the bull's *riposte*, quick as a flash, brought my heart into my mouth. Those terrible horns nearly blooded that time! A well aimed shot brought the Homeric conflict to a close; the bull gave a last bound, stood for a second and then crashed over on his side.—J. H. S. ADAM.

AN AGRICULTURAL PUSH?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The question you ask in your leader as to whether an agricultural push is possible urgently demands an affirmative answer and should be capable of receiving one, provided that the agricultural push synchronises with other very necessary pushes, the effectiveness of any programme of increased agricultural production will be admitted to intimately depend upon, e.g., the transport question. Present conditions with regard to transport (a) by rail (b) by mail, may be quite shortly illustrated. (a) During a recent local shortage I have on several occasions drawn coal from a local goods station. A consignee of articles by goods train must necessarily have the whole day at his disposal; anyone in employment during regular hours would seem to run the risk of his goods lying with the railway for perpetuity.

Any other person may, by much scheming, time his arrival at a goods yard happily, i.e., to find the yard open. His departure no one may gauge—in my own experience, a strippling in charge of a weighbridge contrived to hold up strings of farm teams by absenting himself from the spot. (b) Letters—the second important business connecting link in country districts—lack any indication as to arrival at the office of destination. Granted that the omission of the date stamp on the back was a necessary war economy, is its continued absence conducive to the urged revival in trade? With an absolute lack of any check in this matter the service may rapidly acquire the inefficiency of the backwoods, in spite of the 50 per cent. increase on pre-war rates. Can no united effort be made to organise pushes in these necessary reforms to life in the country?—R. C. A.

[R. C. A. hits several nails on the head. We hope he will keep pushing on these lines.—ED.]

SOME SUSSEX WINDMILLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the very delightful article on windmills in COUNTRY LIFE of February 14th. I hope that it will be widely read and that the public will realise before it is too late that they have precious heirlooms—if I may so call them—which they are responsible for preserving. Little by little our characteristic features pass away, often for lack of knowledge or interest. I do trust that your article will persuade someone to preserve the Ashurst Mill.—E. CUMMING.

SAVING A PRECOCIOUS FLOWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When left in the open ground *Saxifraga Stracheyi* looks sorry for itself. Its precocious flowers, nipped in the cold night air, are stunted and always more or less harmed by wet as well as frost. When given protection the plant produces a most glorious display of flowers in spring. The flowers may be protected in the open ground by twigs of Scots pine stuck upright in the ground among the plants and so arranged that the twigs cover the crowns of the plant. An even better way of growing this *Saxifraga* is to put it in a pot or pan in a cold frame or unheated greenhouse. The plant shown in the accompanying illustration was photographed on February 19th, having been grown in a cold frame. It was raised two years ago from a cutting of an old plant. The cutting quickly rooted, and has given practically no trouble since. The effect in mid-February, when the plant is in full beauty, ready to be brought in the greenhouse or indoors as a room plant, is easily obtained, but not easily surpassed. The flowers, borne in arching sprays, are of charming pale pink colour, and are valuable for cutting.—H. C.



A SAXIFRAGE IN FULL BEAUTY, THE RESULT OF PROTECTING THE BLOSSOMS.

DRINKLESS BEASTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The interesting notes by Mr. Carruthers can be exemplified by cases from most parts of the tropical and sub-tropical world. In their natural habitats it is very doubtful whether the great majority of gazelles ever drink much water. The sun-scorched maritime plain on the East African coast and the barren hills behind all have their succulent and water-holding plants which sometimes are so small and insignificant that they are easily overlooked by all save the gazelles which depend upon them for their moisture. In the Somali country Pelzel's gazelle, the Beira and the different species of dik-diks never drink water. They must get all the moisture they require from the heavy dews and certain succulent plants. I have kept Koodoo Soemmerring's, Speke's and Pelzel's gazelles, Beira, Klipspringer and dik-diks in captivity and never seen any of them drink water. The rainfall on the Somali coast is on an average about zins. to 4ins. in the year, and this amount usually falls in the same number of hours on two or three days in the year. Even in depressions in rocks it could not remain much longer than a few hours, owing to evaporation, so could be of little use to the maritime gazelles. Most gazelles will roam long distances, particularly at night, in search of fresh pasture, while others will live for years in a restricted area less than half a square mile in extent. The Beira, for example, will cling to the same small, table-topped hill, however often it may be hunted, and cannot be driven down on to the plain. Dik-diks are also very local, and nothing will induce a pair to leave their favourite bit of scrub country, where, owing to the sandy nature of the soil, the scanty rainfall is soon absorbed by the earth. Some years ago, at my request, a pair of young Pelzel's gazelles were placed on a small sandy island off the Somali coast where there existed only the coarse maritime grasses and certain salsolaceous plants and shrubs. The yearly rainfall was similar to that on the coast and negligible for all practical purposes, yet this pair of gazelles not only subsisted, but thrived on the plant life of the island, and bred there. When last I saw them they were in first-rate condition. It is my opinion that no gazelle requires water except in the very driest season and that there are numerous species which never drink at all, as they obtain all the moisture they require from the heavy dews and certain evergreen plants.—R. E. DRAKE-BROCKMAN.

A MIXED BAG FROM MESOPOTAMIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may care to hear something of a mixed bag in Mesopotamia a month or two back. My friend and I left camp on December 26th and motored sixty-eight miles across the desert to a small town called Hilla, near Babylon. At 10 a.m. on December 27th we set off to some duck geals twelve miles away, near the Euphrates, and got into position by 11.30. The duck were soon on the move, but owing to flying very high shooting was difficult. The bag by 12.30 comprised two mallard, one pochard, eight marble teal, seven small teal, three gadwell and several snipe. The following day a partridge shoot was organised. There were eight guns and a matter of twenty beaters. Starting from a village called Ghuz we soon came to suitable country, and at one period birds got up in such numbers that one could not load quickly enough. Although many birds were inevitably lost in the thick scrub, our bag totalled seventy-two partridges, one plover, one teal, one hare and a magnificent specimen of a wild cat.—R. TROTTER.

SHIELD-DUCKS BRED IN ENGLAND
RECOVERED IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As the sheld-duck is not generally looked upon as much of a traveller, it is of interest to note that two young, marked with rings in England, have been recovered in North Germany, and what makes the records more interesting still is the fact that both the birds belonged to the same brood, although four years elapsed between the two recoveries, which were both made in the same month, that of August. The birds were marked as nestlings with Aberdeen University rings on the Blackwater, Beaulieu, Hampshire, in July, 1912. The first was recovered at Büsum, in Schleswig-Holstein, in August, 1913, and the second shot at Ost Eversand, at the mouth of the River Weser, Oldenburg, on August 16th,

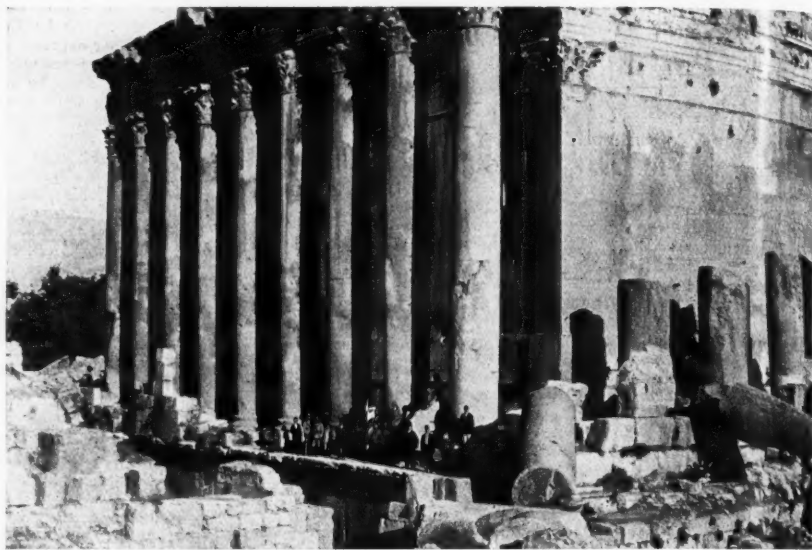
1917. As Büsum and the mouth of the Weser are only about thirty-seven geographical miles apart in a straight line, it is quite possible that the two birds made the journey in company. Another of the same brood was recovered at Saltash, Cornwall, in February, 1913.—H. W. ROBINSON.

BAALBEK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some little while ago you published some photographs of Baalbek with a very interesting article. Since then I have been there myself, and am sending you some photographs showing different views from any of yours. Leaving Ryak Junction, on the narrow gauge railway which runs between Damascus and Beyrout, where the marks of Viscount Allenby's advance in Syria still remain, one arrives at Baalbek, well designated "one of the

Seven Wonders of the World." From the hotel, where last autumn one spent most of the night hunting the small insects that fly and those that run, one sees for the first time the ruins, and the troubles of the night are immediately forgotten. The wonderful atmosphere of this part of Syria seems to have been specially created for the showing off of their marvellous beauty and size. The photographs give some idea of the vastness of the ruins, but it is impossible to realise their size and beauty unless one has actually seen the huge stones used in the walls and columns, and the marvellous detail of the mouldings and carvings which adorn them. This and similar visits "on short leave" in Palestine and Syria come as relief from regimental duties for those in the Army of the East who are waiting for "demob." and longing again for a sight of dear old, damp, misty England.—W. H. FLEEMING.



THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS AT BAALBEK



PART OF THE CORNICE.



THE TEMPLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

SEEMLINESS WITH CHEAPNESS IN COTTAGE BUILDING

It is, unfortunately, still a common fallacy among the Great British Public that what one may call a good-looking house is necessarily more expensive to build than the sort of house which "the practical man" puts up. As a matter of fact, "the practical man" is responsible not only for the most desolate-looking houses throughout the kingdom, but also for houses which are flagrantly impractical, inasmuch as they exhibit a waste of money on useless "features," like propped-up gable fronts and candle-extinguisher roofs on little corner bays.

Our present housing problem is more difficult to solve satisfactorily than ever it was before, and it is imperative that the very greatest attention should be given to the matter of architectural design. Just now, with interest so centred on costs of building construction, this all-important matter of design and good appearance is in danger of being swamped, and there is very good reason therefore to see that in providing homes of any sort we are not producing ugliness up and down the country.

With town planning so much better understood than it was, and with an Act and Commissioners to enforce its requirements, there is no likelihood that the new street of to-day will become the slum of to-morrow, but there is the risk that our street will be unsightly and no credit to this present generation.

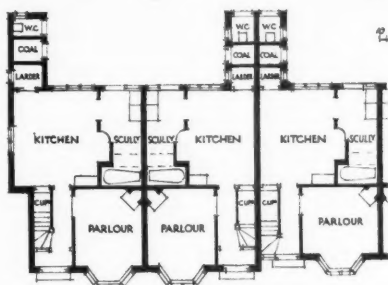
It is possible to demonstrate very clearly that a cheap house need not be an unseemly one, and by way of proof of this assertion the accompanying illustrations are given. They take us back to the pre-war period, and the figures given in connection with them are so remarkably low that we are left amazed when we think of what it now costs to build a house. Belonging to the pre-war period, the figures have of course no application to present building costs, but they can be considered in a comparative way, thereby gaining significance. These houses are on an estate on the outskirts of Macclesfield which was bought and developed on a strictly

business footing, and the houses had to compete in letting price with the ordinary work of the speculative builder. The rents had to be economic and to show a due return on the capital expended in purchase of the land, lay-out and road-making, etc., and cost of building; and this in a town where rents were at a low average.

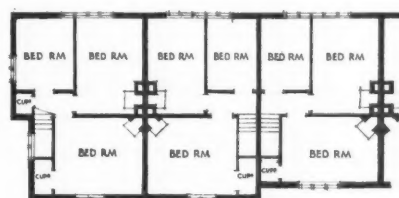
Macclesfield is the centre of the silk-weaving trade. That trade had suffered from not too



Back View.



Ground-floor Plans.



First-floor Plans



Front View.

1.—HOUSES IN RYLE STREET, MACCLESFIELD.

Built in 1910, these cost only £209 each!

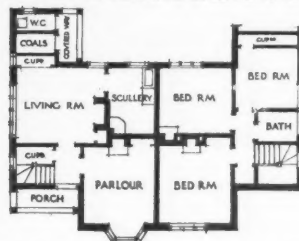
O. P. Milne.



2.—PAIR OF COTTAGES, BROWN STREET, MACCLESFIELD.

Inclusive cost, £261 each in 1910.

O. P. Milne

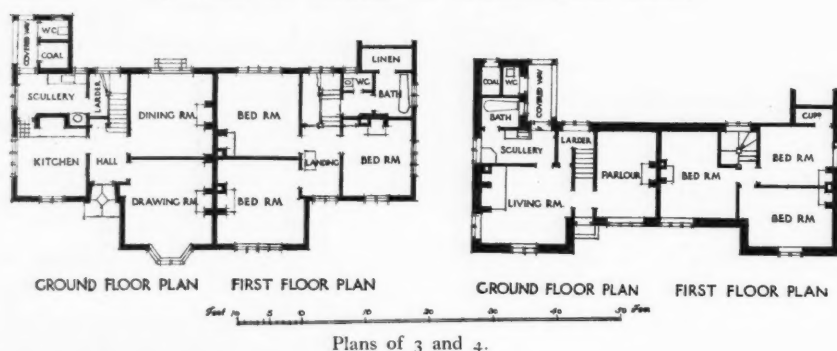


GROUND FLOOR PLAN FIRST FLOOR PLAN

20 ft



3.—PAIR OF HOUSES IN RYLES PARK ROAD.



4.—PAIR OF STONE COTTAGES.



5.—PAIR OF HOUSES IN RYLES PARK.

O. P. Milne.

prosperous times, which reacted on the scale of wages of the operatives and on the general level of rents. Very little new building had been done around the town, and the old houses were occupied at low rents.

When the Park House estate came into the market in 1910 the late Mr. J. Bradley Smale, a silk manufacturer of Macclesfield, was seized with the idea of improving the housing conditions of the town both for his own work-people and for others, not forgetting the poorest townfolk. He therefore bought the property and immediately set out to develop it, realising that something better than the usual dreary tract of industrial building might be achieved. To carry out his idea he called in Mr. O. P. Milne, and a scheme of development on garden suburb lines was worked out. The estate had considerable natural charm, being undulating and timbered with many fine trees, while the ground sloped down to a fair-sized lake. The plan provided for the preservation of these natural features and for turning them to good account.

Mr. Smale was determined to build houses containing six rooms which would let at the low rent of 4s. 9d. a week. The accommodation provided for this sum could not come up to the requirements that have since been laid down by the Tudor Walters Report, but it had considerable amenities. Mr. Smale set up his own works department to deal with the whole business of building, road-making, etc., and the accompanying illustrations give some idea of what was achieved.

Among the cheapest houses were some which cost only £173 each, including architect's fees, a due proportion of road-making and drainage. This figure in a day of £800 cottages sounds almost fantastic, but even at pre-war prices it was somewhat remarkable, and was only secured by most careful and economic planning and clever organisation of the work. The houses have each a separate entrance and staircase, parlour, living-room, scullery, larder and coal store on the ground floor, with three bedrooms above. A similar type, shown by Fig. 1, but somewhat larger, containing also a bath fitted into a space off the scullery, cost with fees, etc., £209 each, and were let at 5s. 6d. a week.

The type shown by Fig. 2 were built in pairs and contained entrance and stair, parlour, living-room, scullery, etc., with three bedrooms and bathroom upstairs. These cost £261 each, including drainage, fencing, road-making, etc., and fees, and were let at £16 per annum—about 6s. 3d. per week.

Local bricks were used to build all these houses. These bricks have a curiously spotty appearance, the headers turning a lighter colour than the stretchers.

The type shown in Figs. 3 and 5 were considerably larger houses, costing respectively £486 and £554 each. Fig. 4 shows a pair of cottages built of local stone: these cost more than the brick cottages. Also there were much larger houses built to the requirements of particular people. Looking at them we see that these are remarkably good houses and astonishingly cheap. The speculative builder was indeed here beaten on his own ground—a very notable achievement.

R. R. P.

THE POLITICS OF GOLF

BY W. HERBERT FOWLER.

THE game of golf has made such gigantic strides during the past few years that it may be of interest to examine the methods and customs which have been adopted in the past for its control. Up to 1884 or 1885 the large majority of players and greens were in Scotland. The Rules of the Game were more or less revised and codified by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in the late fifties, and from that date forward their code of rules has been accepted by all clubs. The Open Championship was played for almost entirely by professionals in Scotland, and the Champion Belt was put up by a few of the leading clubs, and this belt was won outright by young Tom Morris; another prize was then put up in its place, and this arrangement went on until the game of golf began to take hold seriously in England.

In 1885 the Royal Liverpool Golf Club held a competition at Hoylake for amateurs, and at this meeting the Amateur Championship was brought into being by the formation of twenty-four golf clubs into a committee, each of whom put up one guinea towards the purchase of a silver challenge cup to be played for annually by amateurs alternately in England and in Scotland. The first green to be selected was Hoylake, and the first Amateur Championship was played for on that course in the year 1886, when Horace Hutchinson defeated John Ball, jun., as he then was, who was a lad of under twenty years of age. From that time forward the Amateur Championship was controlled by delegates appointed by these twenty-four clubs. As may be well imagined, the large majority of these clubs came from Scotland, and, as in 1886 the total number of clubs in England probably did not rise much above twenty or thirty, the representation of England was, and has since been, extremely meagre.

Some little time after this the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, the Prestwick Golf Club, the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, and the Royal St. George's Golf Club formed themselves into a committee to take control of the Open Championship. They arranged the prize-money and fixed the rota of greens on which the Championship should be played. As these arrangements gave three greens to Scotland and two greens to England, it involved the playing of the Open Championship more often on the two English greens than was the case in Scotland. Somewhere in the nineteen hundreds the clubs interested were induced to take in the Royal Cinque Ports Club, whose green is situated at Deal, and from that time until now the Championship is played alternately in England and Scotland, on the three greens in each country. Why Deal was put in must always be a matter of great curiosity to the world of golf. Sandwich is only separated from Deal by some half mile of golfing country, the population in the whole district is very sparse, and most of the golf which is played at Sandwich and Deal is played by the members of the two clubs from London. It would have seemed much more reasonable to have played the Championship at Westward Ho! which is not only by common consent the best test of golf in the United Kingdom, but is situated in a district far away from any other championship course.

We have thus had the Amateur Championship controlled by twenty-four clubs, not at all representing the present force of English golf, none of the large and important organisations, such as Walton Heath, Sunningdale and clubs of that order, which have grown up in the last twenty-five years. We have had the Open Championship controlled by six self-elected clubs, and we have the Rules of the Game dealt with by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. On this question of the Rules arises a rather interesting point. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club, situated at St. Andrews, has a considerable number of members who, though they belong to it, are not golfers and are in no way qualified to give an opinion or vote on any questions concerning the rules of the game. According to the present arrangement, however, all alterations of rules suggested by the Rules of Golf Committee have to be confirmed in a general meeting of the club, and it is quite possible that a considerable number of members can come in and vote on a subject on which they have no knowledge. A general consensus of opinion has grown up among golfers during the past few years that the time has come when this game of golf should be controlled by one body, who should not only fix the rules, but also take the management of the Championships and any International games which may be arranged for into their hands.

At the meeting held in November last in Edinburgh of the delegates of the twenty-four clubs who have been concerned in the control of the Amateur Championship, resolutions were passed, after considerable discussion, requesting the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to appoint a Golf Committee with the power to add to their number from outside the club and to grant executive powers to this body; and it was reported to the meeting that the six clubs controlling the Open Championship were about to do the same thing. There was a very free expression of opinion given by some of the delegates that such an arrangement would only be satisfactory if the Royal and Ancient Club were prepared to hand over executive powers to this Committee. The Royal and Ancient delegate who was present accepted this principle

on behalf of the club, and there is every reason to hope that this body will soon come into being. It is quite clear that with the very large issues to be decided at the present time St. Andrews is a totally unsuitable place for the bulk of the meetings to be held in, and it is probable that the Committee will eventually meet in London and Edinburgh for the transaction of most of their business. The only other alternative to such a proposition would be the formation of a Golf Union, which would open its doors to membership by all recognised golf clubs. It is, however, doubtful whether such a body would have the same general support as a Golf Committee appointed by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, which has so far undoubtedly held the same position in golf as is held by the Marylebone Club in cricket. It is only fair to point out, however, that, from a practical point of view, the Marylebone Club, situated as it is in the heart of London, is in a very much more convenient spot for the transaction of business.

It is sincerely to be hoped that it will soon be possible to make an arrangement with the golfing organisations in America to have a universal code of rules accepted by all bodies. The points at issue seem to be very small. The chief one is the stymie. The Western Golf Union has already abolished it in all competitions held under its aegis, while in the Eastern States, though it is still nominally continued, its use has been practically abolished in private matches. If the question of the stymie can be settled by the rule allowing the player whose ball is furthest from the hole the option of giving his opponent his putt, such a compromise ought to be able to settle this much discussed rule. All golfers here in America to whom I have suggested this compromise regard it as an excellent method of meeting the views of all parties. The question of lost ball lost hole is one about which there really ought to be no difficulty, because in the Code of Rules published in 1862 the penalty for lost ball was loss of stroke and distance, and surely it would not be too much to ask the golfers of all countries to arrange for this very sensible and fair method of dealing with the lost ball. The penalty for lost ball and a ball played "out of bounds" should be the same.

The question of the amateur status is not a question of rules. That can be settled by each country to suit its own ideas as to what constitutes an amateur and what constitutes a professional, so that it is much to be hoped that in the early future the rules of the game may be universal.

THE NEW CHAMPIONSHIP COMMITTEE.

MR. FOWLER'S article was sent from America, where he is rushing hither and thither making life a vale of bunkers for the Americans, from Los Angeles to Seattle, with a little detour to Dallas in Texas. His views on American opinion are the more interesting because a deputation from the United States Association is coming over in the spring, and these questions of a universal code of rules will no doubt be discussed. The article could scarcely have arrived more pat to the occasion, because the day after it reached us the Committee to manage the Championships was appointed, and Mr. Fowler's pious hope thus becomes an actual fact. Moreover, he himself is elected a member of the Committee. A similar honour has been paid to the present writer, who does not therefore find it as easy to write of the Committee as he otherwise might. It may be permissible, however, to say this much, that the golfing world in general will recognise from the names of the sixteen members that the Royal and Ancient Club have shown the most earnest desire to get at the opinions of golfers of all types and from all parts of the country. In old days people have protested, not perhaps without some reason, against golf being "managed from the East Neuk of Fife." As far as this Committee is concerned that complaint is now quite baseless.

PLENTY TO DO IN THREE MONTHS.

There is no doubt of one thing, that this Committee has plenty to do and must bestir itself. The Amateur Championship is at the beginning of June, and we are now at the end of February, and three months is not too long a time in which to collect people from all quarters of the kingdom and get an organisation on its legs. If the whole business of handing over the Championships to St. Andrews could have been done three months ago, it would have been a good thing. As regards the Open Championship, the Professional Golfers' Association have already done much valuable work, and things should go smoothly and without a hitch, but the amateur event is the real difficulty. Every single golfer who ever was rated at scratch seems to intend to enter, buoyed up by the rather chaotic state of golfing form since the war. It is a well known fact that almost anyone can on occasions beat almost anyone else in a golf match. Nevertheless, it is devoutly to be hoped that some of those who "think it would be rather good fun, and they might get through a round—you never can tell," will think again and abstain from cumbering the ground. BERNARD DARWIN.

TOUCHING CURRENT RACING AFFAIRS

THE WONDERFUL MARKET FOR BLOODSTOCK.

I WISH I knew of a greater certainty in horse-racing in 1920 than that attendances are going to be on the same big scale as in 1919. Everything points to a maintenance of the great boom in racing, and racecourse managers tell me they are making arrangements accordingly. In a short while observers and writers will have ceased to refer to crowds as abnormal in size. There can be nothing abnormal in the usual. At the present time far more people are finding the time and the money to attend National Hunt meetings, and that fact would foretell the great numbers which will continue to assemble where flat racing is in progress even if there were no other indications. But what interests serious racing folk still more is the knowledge that the values of the thoroughbred horse at all stages of its career are not likely to drop. On the contrary, they may soar still higher, which is saying a lot when the amazing prices paid at Doncaster for yearlings last September and for mares and horses in training at Newmarket last December are borne in mind.

Agents are being inundated with enquiries from abroad and owners of any animals with attractive credentials are being bombarded with "feelers" and offers. The truth is that all the world is requiring to be replenished with our priceless bloodstock—North and South America, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, India and, of course, the more settled of the countries of Europe. They must have it, too, and accordingly the market here will be active for a long time to come. All classes are wanted, stallions, mares in foal, and horses in training. Those owners fortunate enough to own smart winners this year will be asked to name their own prices. That is how I regard the outlook at the moment. And it is the same with all our great pedigree stock, whether they be horses, cattle, sheep or pigs. The half-breds are not wanted, but all the world is bidding for our pedigree stock.

As I write the news reaches me that an Argentine buyer has purchased the well known sire Tracery for £50,000. It is an immense price, and exceeds by £10,000 the sum Mr. J. B. Joel paid for Prince Palatine just before the war. So Tracery, who has been for all his stud career at the Southcourt Stud, Leighton Buzzard, follows his son, The Panther, out to the Argentine. It is odd that the father should be so soon following in the son's footsteps. Tracery has not done quite as brilliantly as I expected him to do when he went to the stud, but the Argentine buyer obviously does not share that opinion. I should certainly have had to write differently had The Panther justified his favouritism for the Derby and continued unbeaten through his three year old career. Tracery was a son of Rock Sand, who was owned by Major August Belmont. He gave £25,000 for Rock Sand and had him exported to America. At that figure Rock Sand proved a great bargain, even although he did not live to the average age of a stallion.

I well remember Tracery winning the St. Leger very easily. The Newmarket "touts" reported rather discouragingly about him, but that was because the horse would never show his best form in home gallops. I rather like that sort of racehorse. Certainly they are much to be preferred to those that flatter at home and deceive on the racecourse. Then who that saw the race for the Ascot Gold Cup will forget the consternation when Tracery was brought down five furlongs from the finish by some lunatic flourishing flags and a pistol? Whalley, who rode and was happily uninjured from the fall, said the horse would certainly have won. Saxby, who rode Prince Palatine, was just as confident that he would have won in any case. The late Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, in whose stable Tracery was trained, was pale with rage and dreadfully upset by the incident. He got extremely angry with those who doubted that Tracery would have won. My vivid recollection is that the horse would have won, as he was going so strongly and well and seemed to have got the others beaten with the exception of Prince Palatine, who, however, was some lengths behind him. Since going to the stud Tracery has got some exceedingly good-looking horses. The Panther, for instance, was a model of symmetry and quality, and when he won his last race as a two year old such experienced men in racing as Mr. Peter Gilpin and Mr. Somerville Tattersall were immensely impressed. He won then in truly St. Simon and Ormonde fashion.

The opening of another flat racing season is creeping very near. It is to open at Lincoln as usual three weeks hence on Monday, and naturally public interest in the Lincolnshire Handicap is growing. We see evidence of the fact in the published betting on the race and the knowledge, which is authentic enough, that far more horses than usual are genuinely fancied. At the moment of writing Monteith has been deposed from favouritism by Sir George Noble's Bruff Bridge, and it is not at all unlikely that this horse will maintain the position to the end. One may agree at once that his chances are to be respected. In the first place he is very nicely handicapped, for a horse which was quite smart as a two year old; indeed, he was in or about the classic category. We know he has fine speed, which is an essential at Lincoln, and it is quite feasible that his record as a three year old would have been more attractive had the ground not been so hard for the greater part of the year. He will find the ground

soft at Lincoln whatever the weather may be like in the interval, and he will come fresh to his task, which, however, can be urged in favour of every other competitor. I could have fancied Clarion in the same ownership very much indeed, for he ran very well in the Cambridgeshire and he is a very nice horse altogether, but it is clear that Bruff Bridge is considered by his trainer, Captain Dewhurst, to be the better of the pair. Such, at any rate, is the position at the moment.

A horse very rarely holds the position of first favourite for a handicap, betting on which begins some weeks ahead of the race. It is the explanation, I think, why Monteith has retreated in the market. His stable backed him at long odds in the first instance, and they are not likely to continue at short odds assuming they were satisfied in the first instance. Rather would they be expected to lay off their money at short odds in order to stand to win a good stake to nothing. Bruff Bridge is a favourite with the public. The horse is better known to them. Monteith is a stable favourite, though many no doubt have accepted the cue and given their support to the horse. He is trained by Mr. Cottrill, who was very successful last year for Mr. James White; but one should bear in mind that the trainer referred to is an extremely sanguine man, and it is not wildly improbable that he may be much impressed by his own horse and think too little of the opposition. That sort of thing has happened before. Personally, I find it quite useful to judge a horse's chances by an estimate of the judgment of its owner and trainer.

Sir Berkeley is a very genuine candidate, and I am told that he is considered to have improved since last autumn. His late trainer, Mr. Cottrill, never liked him, and therefore there may be some prejudice in his statement that with Monteith he has no fear of Sir Berkeley. Paragua seems to be second favourite with the Newmarket critics, but they are so often wrong, and it may be against Paragua that they are showing such friendliness towards him. Once again Mr. Sievier declares he is certain to win the race again with Royal Bucks. He was sanguine, you may remember, last year, so it would not be consistent to cast doubt on his confident prophecy now. My personal view is that Royal Bucks, apart from being a year older and having more weight, is set a more difficult job this year than last. The opposition is more alive and keener. There is no indication yet that Ugly Duckling is likely to be a heavily backed horse by his owner and trainer. Many observers, I know, are waiting for a lead on this point. It is a fact, however, that the smart young hurdler, Furious, is fancied and has been well backed, and in a lesser degree good accounts are to hand of Golden Fleece, Biwa, Bird's Nest, Cylgar, Danegelt, Roideur, Violincello and Milton. Undoubtedly the race has a very open appearance, and we shall be fortunate if we repeat last year's success and find the winner. So much may happen between now and the race that I find it easy to ask to be excused from making a definite selection at this stage. As regards the Grand National, I will merely add that the favourite, Poethlyn, is going on splendidly, and he is sure to start a very warm favourite, that is, at shorter odds than the 7 to 2 now offered about him.

PHILIPPOS.

A PLEA FOR CRAYFISH FARMS IN ENGLAND

NOW that Alsace has returned to France it is probable that the little fresh water lobsters, termed by the French *écrevisses à pattes rouges*, will be seen in England in greater numbers than of yore. It is curious how little we at home know about these crustaceans. Alone among our scientists the late Professor Huxley devoted a book to them, but our authorities on cooking, from the "Accomplish Cook" of Thomas May in the seventeenth century, down to the delightful Mrs. Glasse a hundred years later on, were innocent of their existence, and of the bisques, coulis, jellies and other dishes into whose composition they enter.

The best crayfish in France are found in the tributaries of the Rhine. The famous Grimod de la Reynière, author of the "Manuel des Amphitryons," writing in the eighteenth century, stated that its trade in crayfish alone sufficed to enrich Strasbourg. This was, presumably, before the *pâté de foie gras* had been invented.

One reason why we know so little about crayfish has been that the true crayfish (*Astacus fluviatilis*) is not found in these islands. Only *Astacus pallipes*, or, as the French term it, the *écrevisse à pattes blanches*, is indigenous to Great Britain; and, while both varieties are edible, the difference between the two is very much the same as that between the shrimp and the prawn. The crayfish *à pattes rouges* is twice the size of our little white crayfish and attains more than double its weight. Nor is the flavour of the two comparable. *Astacus pallipes*, except for bisque, does not enter into the *mênu* of the *gourmets*, as its flavour is too pronounced, while rustics of England, as well as in France, exhibit a marked liking for a dish of the smaller variety.

The present writer's object in drawing attention to *Astacus fluviatilis* is to ask why no one has ever attempted to acclimatise the *écrevisse à pattes rouges* in England? It would be easy to carry out a scheme of the kind, for crayfish are sold by millions in the Paris markets, and are easily transported and as easily fed. There are even farms of them at Rambouillet and elsewhere. And though in England they are rarely seen, entering only into the composition of the most expensive dishes, yet our climate seems suitable for them, and there seems to be no reason why the experiment of stocking a suitable stream with them should not be carried out.

Speaking generally, wherever the crayfish *à pattes blanches* is found there also it is usually possible to rear the crayfish *à pattes rouges*. The experiment has been frequently carried out in France, nearly always with success. The two species, similar as they are in appearance, do not intermingle, nor do they select the same parts of a stream when they are found together, but they choose by preference the same food and are equally omnivorous.

Astacus pallipes likes a gravelly bottom and a cold, swift stream of little depth, while *Astacus fluviatilis* prefers a greater depth, slow water and a calcareous bottom, from which it can excavate its lair, and also form the carapace, cast by it every year in June. One curious circumstance about the larger crayfish is that the streams selected by it must always run from east to west, or *vice versa*, for it always selects the south side of a stream in order to be free of the rays of the sun. The water must be clear, free from pollutions of any kind, and should contain fresh water shellfish.

There is hardly a vegetable or an animal that crayfish will not eat if they have the opportunity. So voracious are they that

the streams they frequent have to be kept free from dead fish, birds, animals, etc., in order that they may not become poisonous from feeding upon carrion. Mussels, caddis, tadpoles, frogs, and little fish, when they can catch them (which hardly ever occurs except in the case of slow-moving fish like the tench) all enter into their menus. It has even been known that an incautious rat, prying into a crayfish lair, has been seized by the lobster-like pincers, killed and eaten. In the vegetable world their bill of fare is equally varied and ranges from pumpkins and carrots down to water parsnip and nettlestalks. Crayfish usually feed in the evening, particularly during a south wind, but are capable of going without food for a long time.

The breeding season lasts from mid-October to the middle of November, and during this period the females are frequently killed and eaten by the males. The crayfish attains its full development in about five years, and is said to live for half a century. From April 15th to June 15th cray fish fishing is prohibited in France. Nor may the fish be trapped at night. Elaborate "pots" have been devised for their capture, but in country districts a large bundle of twigs, with a piece of salt cod in the centre, as a lure, is frequently employed.

The best crayfish in France are to be found in the Rhine and the Meuse. In the Rhone they occur before Lyons and in the Seine from Montereau to Rouen. The Marne also contains them.

Brilliant red dishes of *écrevisses en buisson* are the indispensable adornment of festal tables in the Vosges. "For," says Grimod de la Reynière, "they are very suitable as *entrées*, particularly for ladies, for they amuse rather than nourish, and serve as an intermediary between vegetables and creams." J. B. WILLIAMS.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON SHOOTING.—V. TO GUESTS.

BY THE HON. DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

SHOOTING is, at its best, so essentially a part of our well ordered British country house existence that failure to conform to the recognised code of behaviour, not only in the field, but "out of hours," as it were, will, if wantonly repeated, militate considerably against your social success. There are sundry little matters ancient which a little care and forethought will save you immediate trouble and future heart-burnings. Most of these can be settled by the simple and direct process of enquiry; for instance, you are asked to a couple of days' covert-shooting at a house to which you are a stranger and where you are naturally anxious to avoid doing anything which may make you look foolish and prejudice your footing. You are afraid of taking too many cartridges, or too few; the former error will inconvenience nobody except the man who carts them from the station; shortage leads to borrowing and its attendant train of evils. One of your fellow-guests may have some to spare. Do not reward him by grumbling elsewhere that his powder gives you a headache or does not give as good results as your own; such complaints are sure to reach him sooner or later. You are more likely to borrow from the butler, who has probably borrowed (in the Israelite or Egyptian fashion) from a succession of unlocked magazines or open boxes, and, in any case, you will scarcely be in a position to haggle about price or change. But there can be no harm in asking your host what you are likely to want. Ditto as to loader; ask either your host or a fellow-guest who knows the ropes. (Houses wherein a party of eight or ten guests, plus wives and daughters and ladies' maids, valet, chauffeur and loader are accommodated without inconvenience or comment are no longer so numerous as to be probable sources of anxiety in your case.) There is no harm in taking two guns, but you will be wise not to use them unless others of the party are similarly equipped. Your loader can be of service as a cartridge carrier, or a stop, or in any capacity to assist your host. Remember, an extra man in the house has to be fed and conveyed from and to the station.

Some hosts object strongly to visiting dogs, and, considering the behaviour of certain of the latter, such objection cannot be deemed unreasonable. Apart from the annoyance caused by their conduct in the field or, worse still, the covert, their nocturnal serenades are not conducive to slumber. A dog may be quiet enough at home, reserving his vocal efforts for visits. In a full house somebody's room is sure to overlook the outbuilding whence proceed Jet's ululations. If in doubt, ask whether he will be welcome, and if you take him, see to his feeding yourself. I can still recall, after a

lapse of nearly twenty years, the grating noise made by a certain retriever gnawing stones under my window. His owner, Irish and forgetful, seldom fed or housed him, but was, unfortunately, himself a sound-proof sleeper.

If in doubt ask, in course of the day's shooting, when by doing so you will save your host trouble. Remember he has, unless he be of the "leave-all-to-my-keeper" kind, a great deal to carry in his head. Ask before taking your stand what subsequent operation is intended. Thus, not only trouble but noise will be avoided; look to your host for signals and do not form one of a band discussing, e.g., the price of stocks, oblivious to the real business of the day. When grouse-driving, ascertain the system on which butts are changed, i.e., whether moving up or down is the rule, and what "up" or "down" means. Do not grumble if yours is a flank butt; the position has many compensations, especially for the gun on the down-wind flank in anything like a cross-wind; also, if you shoot well, the flanker can, and probably will, help you considerably. Do not wait to get into your butt till birds begin to come over; there are plenty of opportunities for conversation elsewhere than "on the hill." After a covert-shooting beat, when asked by your host whether you have had much shooting, avoid making any reply indicative of dissatisfaction. Such replies, if often repeated, are apt to be interpreted as a hint that you think yourself entitled to a better place. You will often come across a man who always seems to get plenty of shooting no matter where placed; it is a case of "where Macdonell sits, that is the head of the table." The cynics remark that such a man always gets put in the best place, but this is obviously impossible where places are drawn for. A more charitable imputation is that the "lucky" sportsman attracts the game, and this is much nearer the mark. He allures the game, as it were, by his habit of total self-concealment, and never misses a chance through being unready or absent-minded: eye and ear are alert from the instant he takes up his position. Regard him as your model, rather than the gay conversationalist accompanied by a bevy of garrulous ladies who are just a little apt to forget that birds are neither blind, deaf nor stupid. When your stand is indicated by a stick, do not change your position unless instructed to use your own judgment as circumstances require. But on the less stereotyped and, therefore, more enjoyable occasions, when you are allowed a reasonable amount of latitude, be careful to choose a spot where you are least hampered by thick trees and can best command any probable line of approach. Need I emphasise the paramount importance of noting the exact

position of neighbouring guns, and taking care that they note yours? If you hear the tapping of a stop, but cannot see him, tell him to come out and stand in sight. A bush may protect him from view, but not from danger. You will at times be told to walk with the beaters or to stand back behind them. Disabuse yourself of the idea that either proceeding is derogatory or devoid of possibilities. It is always interesting to see the proper execution of a beat and to note the beaters' difficulties and the behaviour of the beaten game. Do not shoot pheasants or anything else, bar ground game, going to the forward guns unless specially told to do so, and desist from firing, in any circumstances, before coming within range of them. Ascertain their position without having your attention drawn thereto by expostulation. And remember that there are beats, *e.g.*, little glens or dingles running up hill where the guns walking with or standing behind the beaters get the finest and most difficult shots in the world of covert-shooting.

I wrote a letter recently dealing mainly with the woodcock and how he ought to be shot. How he ought *not* to be shot, or shot at, you may, I fear, have many opportunities of observing in the course of covert-shooting days. The more locally scarce the bird is the greater the desire to shoot him. This is only human nature, but the criminal recklessness which prompts a man to risk, at a rare bird, a shot which he would never think of firing at a common one has been responsible for numerous accidents. In certain company it is desirable to shelter one's eyes at the sound of that demoralising cry, "cock," while there are occasions when it is better to lie down very suddenly.

Systematic cartridge-pilfering is said to prevail in some houses whose inhabitants should, and doubtless do, know better. It is one of the few evils I have managed to escape; but you may be less lucky. "I am sure my servants are all honest," remarked a knowing old cynic, "but I notice my cigars last longer if kept under lock and key." And so will your ammunition, especially when sent out in the cart for replenishing supplies. The driver of such a cart has an idle

of which is apt to poison or becloud a whole day's pleasure, is to be detected by mysterious muttered consultations among the guests and a semi-clandestine jingle of pockets or rustle of "Bradburys." Tipping is a detestable business in theory and execution. The box system saves a good deal of unpleasantness (such as the uneasy hanging about of keepers



IF YOU HEAR THE TAPPING OF A STOP, BUT CANNOT SEE HIM, TELL HIM TO COME OUT AND STAND IN SIGHT.



THE GUNS WALKING WITH OR STANDING BEHIND THE BEATERS GET THE FINEST AND MOST DIFFICULT SHOTS IN THE WORLD OF COVERT-SHOOTING.

time and many friends. If you send out a spare bag, tie a label on it setting forth plainly your name and its contents; loaders in a hurry are apt to open the first bag convenient. The last and most odious episode after a shoot, whether it has extended to hours or days, is usually to tip the keeper or keepers. The near approach of this moment, the anticipation

and guests, dodging the host, borrowing change, etc.) and is a boon to the guest who considers his own means or inclination the sole gauge of his proper contribution: a very natural view. To the guest who puts in nothing, it saves unpleasantness altogether, bar the feeling that he has done a dirty trick, and probably lied to his fellow-guests into the bargain. But I confess there are many keepers whom I regard as old friends and on them positively enjoy pressing my exiguous present, knowing that the personal element involved in the transaction, and eliminated altogether by the box, means a good deal to them. The intelligent keeper generally, of whatever nationality he may be, will appraise you by a standard other than that of money. He knows what class have the money now; more than likely he knows what you can afford and will think none the better of you if you fail in the sense of proportion. I could tell you of men who have protested against accepting money at all, and that in these latter days with boots at £3 10s. per pair and decent tea—their main luxury—unobtainable from the remote merchant, and oatmeal—their staple necessity—maintained at a fictitious price to please the farmer, instead of being subsidised as is flour to stop the mouth of the voter. Remember, game-keepers are not a necessity, and thus cannot dictate terms through a union or hold up the country. There is one other point I would like you to be clear upon: some shooters always carry their gun at "safe" until the moment of discharge, when almost automatically the thumb presses forward the safety-bolt. This may be, and probably is, a desirable habit to acquire, but on no account whatever should it be made an excuse for treating the gun otherwise than if the bolt were at "danger." In other words, "safe" or not, always carry the weapon as if safety-bolts had not been invented. The correct position is on the shoulder, triggers uppermost, grip on the "small" or the heel plate according to whether a shot is expected or not. Always look through the barrels before loading; avoid packing the gun in a soft cover below or among others in car or carriage. Neglect of this rule results sooner or later in dints, which require skilled "tapping up," a process which leaves a weak spot. A well known gun-maker with whom I once discussed these dints and their treatment, attributed the frequency of their infliction to the careless "chucking," by "gentlemen's gentlemen," of aluminium shooting seats, with the projecting discs attached, on to the priceless pile of weapons. The safest covers for carrying guns at full length or "assembled" are made of stout sole leather, the price of which per square foot at the moment is practically prohibitive.